



No. 355.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATE COMMANDER FREDERICK GREVILLE EGERTON, R.N.,  
 THE GALLANT GUNNERY OFFICER OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL," FATALLY WOUNDED WHILE DIRECTING THE FIRE OF THE SMART NAVAL BRIGADE AT LADYSMITH.  
 FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE CLUBMAN.

The Boer is very strongly averse to manual labour, and when the forts at Pretoria were constructed, the navvies who threw up the earthworks were Uitlanders, Germans and Italians mostly. One of the navvies who offered his services was a great, bearded Englishman. He was given a job, and worked so well, and was such a steady, well-conducted man, that he was given employment during the whole time that the forts were being built.

That bearded navvy was one of the smartest Engineers in the British Army. He grew a beard and got his hands hardened, lived for months the life of a navvy, and adopted their method of speech, in order that he might gain a thorough knowledge of the Pretoria forts, and the Intelligence Department has every fort that surrounds Pretoria as accurately and completely mapped out as if they had been at Portsmouth or Plymouth.

There is a sequel to the story of the Engineer who turned navvy. It would not be wise to recount it now, but I will do so when the British flag flies once again over Pretoria.

The order of the German Emperor forbidding officers of the German Army to take leave for the purpose of going to Africa, and insisting on the strictest neutrality being preserved, comes none too soon. Three German officers on the active list, one being that well-known Staff officer, Major von Reitzenstein, have already sailed to take service with the Boers, and many others were preparing to follow their example.

It is usual, when the German Emperor comes to this country, to provide some military spectacle for him, but this year we shall have nothing to show him. One sight that would certainly interest him would be the embarkation of troops on one of the great hired troopships, which is one of the things military that we manage better in England than they do in Germany; but the presence of the Emperor would certainly draw from the men a great demonstration of welcome, which would necessitate a reply, and His Imperial Majesty will wish to make as few speeches as possible about the Transvaal War just now.

Many suggestions have been made as to reviews for the delectation of the German Emperor, the most original one of which came from a Yeomanry officer. He proposed that the Horse Guards should mobilise all the Yeomanry Corps of Great Britain at Aldershot and invite the German Emperor to inspect them. The Yeomanry are fine fellows, and good, patriotic soldiers; but most of the corps are small ones, the chargers cannot be called a very level lot, and the massed corps would be a curious sight.

Amongst the counties, Gloucestershire has come very nobly to the front in giving to the funds for our soldiers' women and children. Through the length and breadth of the county, wherever there is a church and a schoolroom, there an entertainment has been given, or is going to be given, to add to the Lord Mayor's Fund. The special enthusiasm in this county arises from the splendid fight made by the county regiment, and from the pity felt for the gallant men who, their last cartridge burned, are now suffering the tedium of a prisoner's life.

For the Lord Mayor's widows and children's fund some amateur dramatic performances, backed by a very distinguished list of patrons, are to be given at Her Majesty's or some other theatre. In talking over the matter some weeks ago, I suggested that the Old Stagers, the Windsor Strollers, and the I Zingari combining should enact a scene from a play; that the principal London amateur clubs should do the same; that Oxford and Cambridge past and present should give a scene from some Greek play; that the public-school choirs should be asked to sing each the song of the school—Eton would sing its boating-song, Harrow either "Willow the King" or "Follow Up"—and that the best-known amateur singers and reciters should be asked to provide the single "turns," and these suggestions I submit to the consideration of the present organisers. What a draw it would be if Mr. Kipling could be induced to recite "The Absent-Minded Beggar"! Mr. Kipling has before now appeared in amateur theatricals, and when on board of one of Her Majesty's ships of the Channel Squadron recited some of his verses at a ship's concert.

While concerts and charitable entertainments are being held through the length and breadth of Great Britain, ball after ball is being indefinitely postponed. With an Army Corps abroad and another Division about to go to Africa, with the concentration of most of the remaining regiments at Aldershot, and the Militia distributed amongst the garrison-towns, hostesses in the country and in county towns find it impossible to get enough dancing-men to make their balls an assured success.

I am told that the Article Club is going to show the Chinese Envoy round Great Britain, and the tour will not be unprofitable to the members of the Club. The Club has become a power in the land, and when the history of its rise from a very small beginning is written it will be interesting reading.

Sir George Luck has by a sweep of the pen dissolved all the regimental Polo Clubs in the Bengal Army. The Clubs were founded in most regiments to enable officers to buy polo-ponies without borrowing money at ruinous interest, and to pay the travelling expenses of the regimental polo-team and their ponies when playing in the tournaments which are held throughout India. Sir George Luck disapproves of the tax this throws on officers, some not too well off, who do not play polo, and the Clubs are, by order, put an end to.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

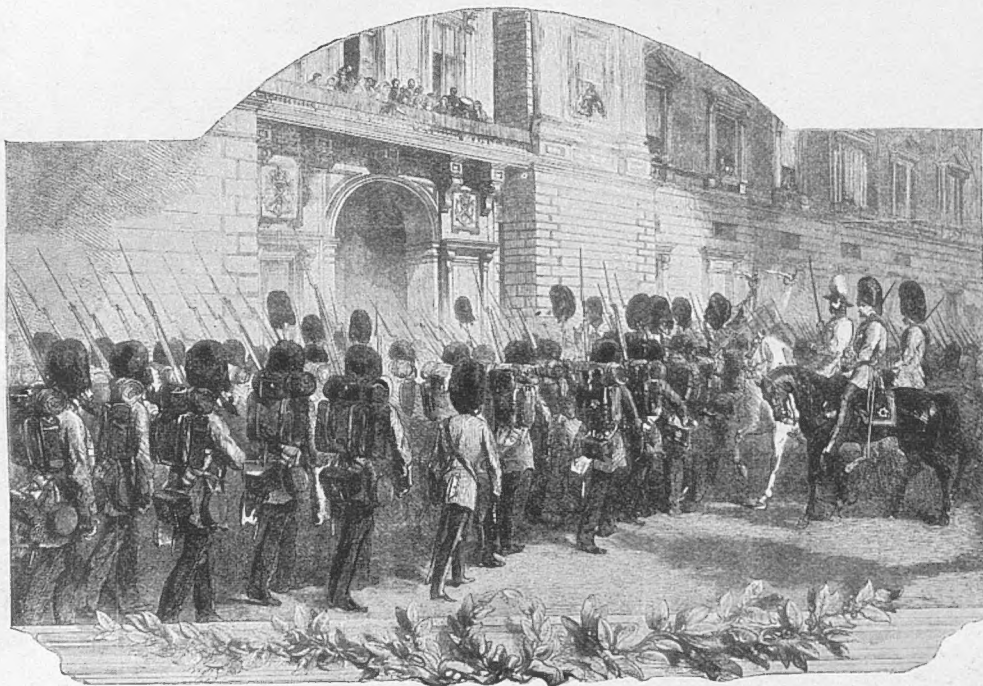
On Saturday morning Her Majesty bade a sympathetic farewell at Windsor to the composite force of Household Cavalry ordered to proceed to the scene of war. In her

address to her troops, the "first lady in the land" once more displayed to the full that true womanliness which has ever distinguished her as a Queen, and her final words—"I know that you will always do your duty to your Sovereign and country"—must have awakened many a responsive echo in the breasts of the khaki-clad troopers on parade. As it was, the conclusion of the address was met by cheer after cheer, and it was only by the express order of Lieut-Colonel Neeld (who commanded the regiment) that silence was eventually restored. No one who witnessed the parade can doubt but that these Soldiers of the Queen will worthily sustain their splendid reputation. May the final hope expressed in Her Majesty's gracious

farewell, "I pray God to protect you and bring you back safely home," be realised!

During the last few days, cable communication with South Africa has been restored, and a good deal of information concerning the doings of our troops in Natal has come over the wires. Its arrival here puts us in possession of the intelligence that Sir George White's force is more than holding its own, despite the pessimistic rumours that have recently been circulated concerning the investment of his camp by the enemy. On Friday, a pigeon-post message was received from him by General Buller, to the effect that, although the bombardment of Ladysmith was being continued daily, "no serious damage had been done." He was also in a position to report that his store of provisions was ample, and that his intrenchments had been considerably strengthened of late. Altogether, it seems evident that Ladysmith will prove a very much harder nut for Joubert to crack than that individual seems to have anticipated. For this satisfactory condition of affairs, the heavy guns of the Naval Brigade and the excellent marksmanship of the bluejackets of the *Powerful* and the *Terrible* who are using them are largely responsible. Indeed, their extraordinarily accurate fire has had a most demoralising effect upon the enemy. Particularly good service, too, has been rendered by the local Volunteers, conspicuous among whom are the Imperial Light Horse.

The allegations (which have been repeatedly raised during the past week) of the disregard by the Boers of the nature of a flag of truce have formed an extremely unpleasant episode of the campaign. While several stories of our men being fired on, when protected by the white flag, may be set aside as unfounded, owing to their being unsupported by the evidence of officers, it seems, nevertheless, fairly certain that instances have occurred when the enemy overlooked these conventionalities of civilised warfare. Thus, in one of General White's most recent



THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON JULY 9, 1856, ON THEIR RETURN, VICTORIOUS, FROM THE CRIMEA.

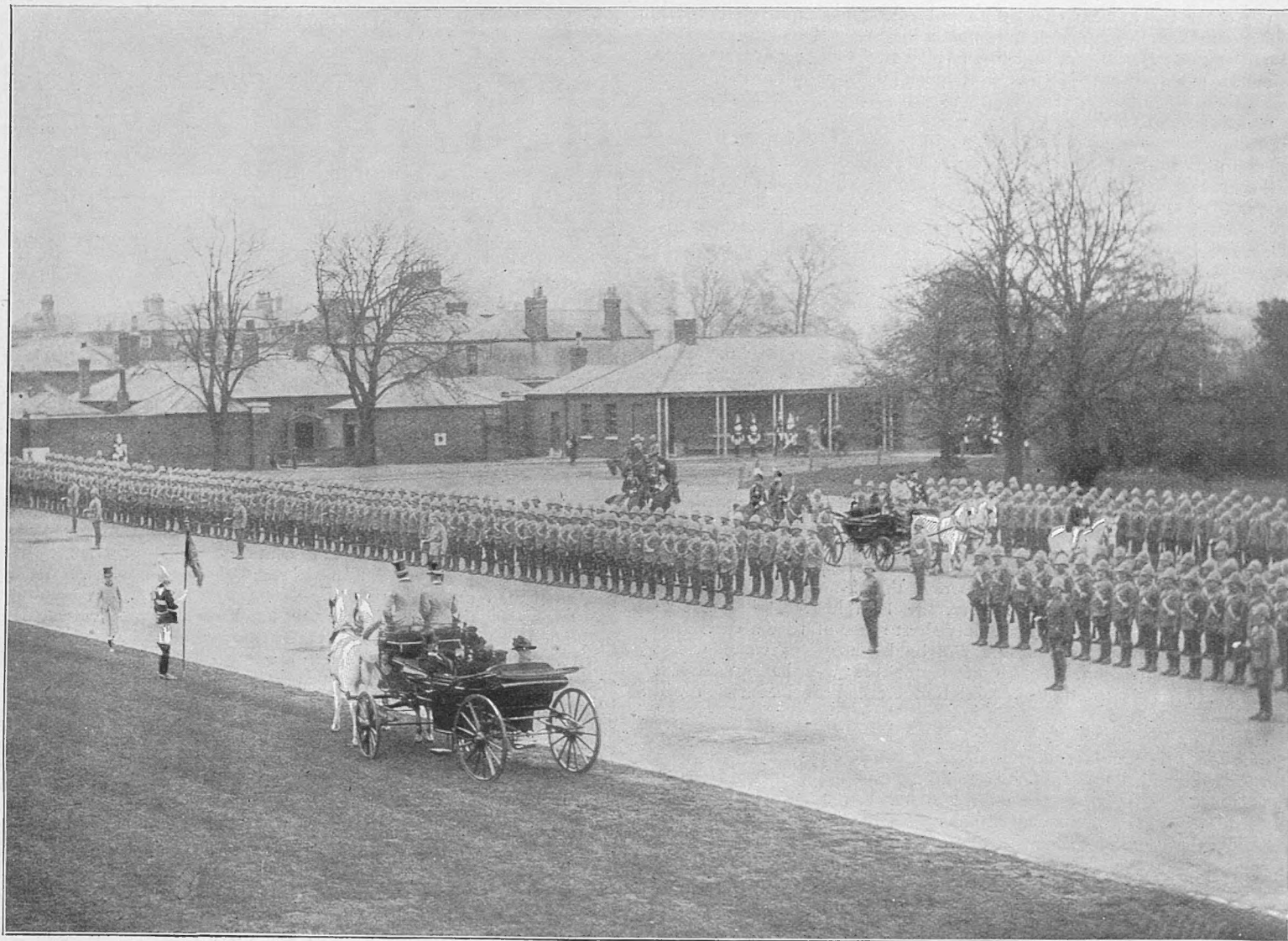
We reproduce the above reduced print from the fine two-page engraving of the late Sir John Gilbert's superb drawing on wood in "The Illustrated London News" of July 26, 1856.

despatches, it was stated that, when a party of our men went out from Ladysmith, under a flag of truce, to bring in a number of Transvaal refugees, protected in the same manner, the Boer batteries opened fire on the party before it had returned to camp. A similar error of taste—to adopt the mildest euphemism permissible—on the part of Joubert's troops manifested itself, it will be remembered, at the siege of Potchefstroom in 1881. With reference to the present case, it is understood that the evidence of a number of Gordon Highlanders who were wounded at Eland's Laagte the other day will very shortly be taken by a military Court of Inquiry.

As was expected by those best in a position to judge, the reported destruction of the railway-bridge at Colenso has since been ascertained to be incorrect. What has happened, however, is that a portion of the line here has been destroyed. This, fortunately, is not so serious a matter, as the rail can be relaid a great deal easier than a bridge can be built. At the worst, the effect will only be to temporarily delay the arrival of a relief force at Ladysmith. In the meantime, Colenso remains unoccupied, our garrison there having retired upon Estcourt. Owing to a Free State commando having

also be prepared. In connection with this, it is worth while mentioning that, although it is only five weeks since the orders were issued, already 53,000 men have been equipped for active service, and of these more than four-fifths are on the point of arriving in South Africa. Instructions, too, have been given for the embodiment of 27,000 Militiamen, to take the place of their comrades of the Regular Army who have gone to the front.

The latest news from other parts of the country would seem to show that the threatened advance into Cape Colony has been abandoned. In thus choosing the better part of valour, the enemy has evidently been actuated by a wholesome fear of having its retreat cut off. Among other probable reasons for the Boers' disinclination to adopt a "forward policy" may be placed those of the want of support accorded them by the Cape Dutch and the present swollen condition of the Orange River. Belmont, however (a small township due south of Kimberley), capitulated a few days ago, and a sharp engagement has since taken place in this neighbourhood. It appears that on Friday last a reconnoitring party of Lancers and Mounted Infantry, with a battery of Field Artillery, under the command of Colonel Gough, suddenly came upon seven hundred of the enemy here. In the three hours' fighting that



HER MAJESTY'S FAREWELL REVIEW OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS AT WINDSOR CAVALRY BARRACKS LAST SATURDAY, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, WINDSOR.

formed a laager in the vicinity, reinforcements are being sent up here as quickly as possible. Several minor engagements have already taken place, and serious fighting is daily expected. The armoured-train which is at the service of Brigadier-General Wolfe-Murray (commanding at Estcourt) has furnished most valuable aid in reconnoitring the position of the enemy. A few days ago it performed a most creditable exploit in driving off a strong party of Boers and capturing from them a quantity of ammunition and stores.

Despite the bad weather they have experienced *en route*, a number of transports have already reached their ports of debarkation. By this day next week, Lord Methuen's Division should have established communication with General White, and Generals Gatacre and Clery (who landed last Saturday) will also have been enabled to commence operations. On Thursday, the 9th inst., the *Roslin Castle*, with Major-General Hildyard and a thousand men, together with a large quantity of stores on board, reached Cape Town, and left immediately afterwards for Durban. On the same day, at home, Lord Wolseley announced at the Guildhall Banquet that the Government had decided to mobilise another Division of about 11,000 men of all arms for service under Sir Redvers Buller, who at the present moment is reported to be at Durban. The Commander-in-Chief also stated that, in the event of necessity arising, a second Army Corps would

ensued, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Keith-Falconer, Northumberland Fusiliers, and Lieutenant C. C. Wood, North Lancashire Regiment, were killed, and two officers and two privates were wounded. On the Boer side, however, a heavy loss was inflicted. Both Mafeking and Kimberley continue to hold out, despite the vigorous attacks to which they are being repeatedly subjected.

COMMANDER FREDERICK GREVILLE EGERTON, R.N.,

who died of wounds sustained in the memorable action at Ladysmith on the 30th ult., was only just thirty years of age. The younger son of the late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, R.N., he was connected on his mother's side with the family of the present Duke of Devonshire. In 1882 he entered the Service as a Naval Cadet, and became a Lieutenant nine years later. His promotion to the rank of Commander was specially conferred on him in recognition of his distinguished services with the Naval Brigade in the present Transvaal Campaign. Unhappily, the day on which the cable announcing his well-deserved advancement reached Ladysmith was also the one on which he breathed his last. To his former messmates on board H.M.S. *Powerful* (where the deceased officer had been Gunnery-Lieutenant for the last two and a-half years), as well as to the Service generally, his death will be a heavy loss.

## ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

The contest for the Sheriff of London's Shield may not inaptly be termed the Gentlemen v. Players Match at Association Football, and since its establishment two seasons ago it has been productive of the most exciting, if not sensational, contests. The Shield was, it will be remembered, presented by Mr. Sheriff Dewar in his year of office, and was first competed for by Sheffield United and Corinthians. The first match resulted in a tie, and on a second attempt later in the season a similar result occurred.

On the next occasion, Queen's Park, Glasgow, and Aston Villa were the competitors, and once again no definite result was arrived at. There does not appear to have been any further encounter for supremacy during last season, and matters stood at "evens all" when Corinthians and Aston Villa met on Wednesday, Nov. 9, to try conclusions, at the Crystal Palace.

Aston Villa were undoubtedly handicapped somewhat heavily by the unavoidable absence of two of their best men—Crabtree, their left-half, and Cowan, their centre-half—both Internationals, so, although in the end they were defeated, they were very far from disgraced. Corinthians, on the other hand, were enabled to put into the field the strongest combination they possess, and, to snatch a hard-earned and meritorious victory by two goals to one, they had to play all they knew against their redoubtable opponents. Matters were at an exceedingly exciting stage at half-time, when the score stood at one goal each.

As a matter of fact, during the majority of the second half it seemed more than probable that Aston Villa would prove the victors, especially during a period when Fry was temporarily disabled. He was, fortunately for Corinthians, able to resume after about ten minutes' absence. Of the victors, Fry, Oakley, Spencer, Campbell at goal, Vassall, Foster, and G. O. Smith (especially the latter, who scored the second goal for his side, after playing with consistent brilliancy throughout the entire game) greatly distinguished themselves. For Aston Villa, Garratty (who scored their only goal), Wheldon, and George at goal, were most conspicuous for their excellent work.

On Saturday, in the League Championship (Association), Aston Villa drew with Wolverhampton Wanderers, Sunderland beat Blackburn Rovers by 2 to 1, Sheffield United and Burnley drew, Derby County beat Stoke by 2 to 0, Bury beat Glossop by 2 to 0, West Bromwich Albion beat Everton by 3 to 1, Notts Forest defeated Notts Country by 2 to 1, Newcastle United and Liverpool drew, and Manchester City beat Preston North End by 3 to 1, in the First Division.

In the International League match at Bolton, England defeated Ireland by 3 goals to 1. At half-time each side had scored one goal, but England walked away with the match in the second half.

The craze for automobiles or motor-cars, or whatever is the pet name for horseless vehicles, is increasing with rapid strides, one of the proofs of which lies in the long list of members of the Motor-Car Club sent in for the run to Brighton on Monday, the 13th inst. I shall not be surprised to find that in an incredibly short space of time a very large portion of the public street-traffic will be by horseless vehicles, but the necessarily prohibitive price of motor-cars will be a sufficient guarantee that private enterprise in that method of locomotion will be decidedly limited.

Unlike Sir Boyle Roche's historical bird, I cannot be in more than one place at a time, and, as a natural consequence, I have to write about a great deal that I don't see, but I should imagine that the final heat for the Coxswainless Fours at Cambridge between First Trinity, who defeated Third Trinity somewhat unexpectedly by twenty-five yards, must have been well worth witnessing—at all events, up to the point when Goldie, in the Third Trinity boat, unfortunately broke his oar some three hundred yards from the finish. Of course, it would be idle to speculate as to whether the accident would have reversed the result, but it is fair to presume that, had it not occurred, a splendid ding-dong finish would have been witnessed.

An exciting race, too, was that in the semi-finals of the Oxford Fours on Friday of last week, when, after a magnificent race, Magdalen succeeded in beating Balliol by a bare quarter of a length. In the Final, on Saturday, Magdalen had no difficulty whatever in winning as they pleased from Corpus.

Now that these races are over, both Universities will turn their attention in earnest to immediate preparations for the Inter-University Boat-Race in the spring. Cambridge has some excellent new material amongst her freshmen, besides the large majority of their last year's winning crew available, and should again produce an exceptionally powerful eight. Of Oxford's prospects I know little or nothing at present. I understand that Mr. Fletcher, having accomplished his object in turning out a winning crew for Cambridge, will now devote his coaching skill to his own University. Cambridge should be well served, however, by Messrs. Close, Lehmann, and Willis as instructors.

Warwickshire seems to be both vexed and perplexed at Kent's refusal to arrange any fixtures with them for next season's County Cricket contests. The reason alleged to have been given by Kent is that they have as many fixtures as they can manage without the two matches with Warwickshire; but I rather fancy that certain episodes that occurred both at Edgbaston and Catford last season may possibly have influenced Kent to select Warwickshire as the county they prefer to drop from their next season's list of engagements.

Mr. G. L. Jessop has been selected by the Gloucestershire County Cricket Committee to fill the vacancy of Captain which is caused by the

necessity of Mr. W. Troup's return to India. The selection is a good one, and will be universally popular. Mr. C. L. Townsend has been selected as Deputy-Captain.

I have been greatly amused with a letter that appeared in a leading daily of Saturday last, from "An Old Etonian," on the subject of November meteors. It is not on the point of the scientific matter as to the generation of these meteors that I was tickled, but on the point of the earliest pigeon-shooting match on record mentioned by Virgil in the Fifth Book of the "Æneid." Æneas, storm-bound in Sicily, celebrated the anniversary of the death of his father, Anchises, by a sort of impromptu gymkhana, among the sports there being a pigeon-shooting contest with bows and arrows. The pigeon was tied by the leg with a string to a pole. There were four competitors. The first hit the pole and made the bird fly, the second, Mnesteus, cut the string with his arrow, and the third, Eurytion, instantly "grassed the rock." The last, Acestes, having nothing to shoot at, "shot an arrow into the air," but it fell not to earth at all, as did the one in the poem, for it was discharged with such astounding force as to catch fire through friction with the atmosphere, and was consumed. These cracks could have given points to our doveslayers at Hurlingham and the Gun Club, but I think old Virgil himself would have had to stand at scratch, for he could undoubtedly give them all points at drawing the long-bow.

## "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

A little while ago, when Mr. Owen Hall was talking to a *Sketch* interviewer, he said that he had never had to deal with such an "able, amiable, and willing company" as that engaged for "Florodora," at the Lyric, and that, if the work did not succeed, it would be through no fault of theirs. Now, I am in a position to say that the success of "Florodora" really is the success of the "able, amiable, and willing company," and of the witty, daring author. With what gusto did Willie Edouin invest the droll part of "Tweddlepunch"—brilliant humour in the name! Mr. Edouin has done wonders ere now, and at present is head and shoulders above almost all the other broad-comedians—I hesitate to call him "low"—of light musico-dramatic work. Everyone, by now, knows the story of the stolen recipe for making the scent called "Florodora," by means of which Mr. Gilfain became a millionaire, and everyone is aware that the shrewd man of business confessed his crime because Miss Ada Reeve pretended to be a ghost, and threatened to haunt him. Some of us would refuse to confess even our good deeds on pain—and pleasure—of being haunted by her. The lyrics for the sentimental songs could not easily be followed, but those for the comic, if lacking the quality shown by an Adrian Ross or Harry Greenbank, are effective—one called "Phrenology" ran very well. Mr. Stuart's music does not seem to contain any "Soldiers of the Queen" or "Little Dolly Daydream" numbers; in fact, its merit is rather in treatment than invention, which seems rather surprising; certainly, in the treatment there is shown the hand of the well-trained if not individual musician, and many pretty touches may be found.

After Mr. Edouin in popularity came Miss Ada Reeve, who danced energetically and sang her songs in a style which caused every point to go home. One of her numbers, "I've an inkling"—a pure music-hall composition—is likely to make a great "hit." The public roared with laughter at the idea of calling the *Sporting Times* the "pinkling," in order to make it rhyme with inkling. The success of Miss Reeve is really that of *disease* rather than singer; and Miss Kate Cutler quite held her own against her in the art of saying songs; indeed, some of the pleasantest moments of the evening were due to her. Miss Evie Greene, as Dolores, the Philippine girl, was charming; into her acting she really put a Carmen touch most effectively. Her songs were, perhaps, a little disappointing, for they did not well suit her valuable voice, a voice which demands and deserves a better method of production. Mr. Melville Stewart has a rich baritone voice that ought to be very useful to our stage. Mr. Charles E. Stevens, apparently, has not a very "fat" part as Gilfain, but he shows a sense of character and sang one song, "Phrenology," capably. The piece has three scenes, one at Florodora and two in Wales, and the stage is crowded with pretty girls; indeed, I think that, so far as pretty girls are concerned, "Florodora" "takes the tulip." Magnificently costumed and ably stage-managed, "Florodora" closes brilliantly with an admirably executed quick-change to a glowing ball-room scene of surpassing beauty.—E. F. S.

Turf-men will hear with great regret that the experienced Newmarket trainer, Mr. James Jewitt, died, after a long illness, at Bedford Cottage on Saturday morning last.

It was decided late last week to revive Mr. Louis N. Parker's "The Happy Life," at Terry's, in place of "Captain Birchell's Luck." Accordingly, on Monday last, the curtain went up on "The Happy Life," which was played by the original touring company, with one or two exceptions. Miss Weeden now plays the part which Miss Dorothea Baird created at the Duke of York's.

It is astonishing how soon a theatrical success makes its influence felt in everyday life. At one time, everything was "Trilby" this and "Trilby" that. Now it would seem that the musical comedy "Florodora" is to be a favourite godmother, for I note already that Messrs. Mash and Austin, the florists of King William Street, are exhibiting "Florodora" button-holes composed of sweet-scented flowers.

## "OLD SOLDIERS" ON THE STAGE.

When the eyes of the world are turned towards South Africa, when everyone is thinking of war and talking of war, any little military experience is readily recounted. The stage, unlike many other callings, contains amongst its ranks men who have followed almost every profession and business under the sun. The theatrical world is, therefore, not without its quota of men who have, at one time or another, served with the colours.

One of the first to be mentioned is Mr. Charles Wyndham. In 1863, Mr. Wyndham left Dublin, where he had been pursuing his medical studies, and set sail for America. Upon his arrival at New York, he at once joined the Medical Department of the Federal Army, which was then fighting in the "War of Secession." During the campaign he had many narrow escapes, and amongst them may be mentioned the following incident. Whilst at work tending the needs of the wounded, his horse was incapacitated, and things began to look rather blue. However, at the critical moment, not one, but a whole drove of horses appeared, and Mr. Wyndham thought to possess himself of another. Consequently, he picked out a likely-looking animal, which trotted off as he approached. Without thought of danger, he followed. Suddenly, however, a shell whizzed over his head, which brought him to consider his position. He discovered that he was the sole occupant of an extensive plateau, with the contending forces on each side of him. At first blush the situation was distinctly undesirable, but the shells passed high in the air, and he eventually regained his own camp unhurt. Since then Mr. Wyndham has frequently found himself equal to the situation, and come out "on top," as the Americans say.

Captain Basil Hood, who has written the book for the new Savoy opera, has a strange string of coincidences with regard to the number "19." This is what he says—

"My regiment was the old 19th Foot, the 'Princess of Wales's Own.' I got my commission in 1883, when I was just nineteen—and I may mention that I am slightly superstitious about that number "19" being a lucky number. Anyhow, it was lucky to me as being the number of my regiment, for I served twelve most delightful years with it. The circumstances that induced me to leave the Army were as follows: A few weeks before the production of 'Gentleman Joe,' at the Prince of Wales's, I received orders to embark for India. Well, the play was not quite finished, and had to be rehearsed. I could not get an 'exchange,' and was forced to decide whether or no I would definitely give up the sword for the pen. It was a great gamble, but I did it, and do not regret the step, although it was a very severe wrench to say good-bye to the old corps. However, I did not entirely lay aside my red coat, as, under the regulations, I was able to take half-pay and a company in the Militia, so I joined the 3rd, or Militia, Battalion of my own regiment. But I found that our annual training always came at a busy time for me—in fact, all my time seems to be busy—and so last year I gave up even that amount of soldiering. With regard to my remark concerning my lucky number, '19,' a rather



CHARLES WYNDHAM, SHOWING THE UNIFORM WORN WHEN THE DISTINGUISHED ACTOR WAS IN THE AMERICAN FEDERAL ARMY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

for me was No. 19. I then told him of my little superstition. On our way home to England, a few weeks later, we broke our journey for a night, and we were rather amused to find that the room allotted to myself was again 19. On arriving in England, I had to go up North, and telegraphed to a hotel at my destination to reserve me a room. This time it turned out to be 119. A few days ago, I was consulting with some friends over the momentous question of a title for the Savoy opera. The one generally liked seemed lengthy to me, but I found on examination it contained *nineteen letters*. I feel I ought to settle on it."

Mr. Charles Collette is also an old soldier. He was originally intended for the Artillery, and studied under the Rev. W. H. Pritchett, the famous military "coach" of the time. Failing, unfortunately, to attain the high mathematical standard, he read for the Bar, but soon returned to his old love, passed the examination for a direct commission, and purchased a cornetcy in the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, to which regiment he was gazetted on Nov. 5, 1861. His regiment was quartered in India, whither Mr. Collette proceeded. During his four years' residence in India, he became manager of the regimental theatre at Ahmadnagar. In 1868—after selling out—he obtained an introduction to the Bancrofts, and, strange to say, signed his engagement for the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Nov. 5, 1868, the same day of the same month that he was gazetted to the Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards. His first appearance was in a play called "Tame Cats," by Palgrave Simpson, and the first words he had to speak on the professional stage were, "I wonder what they are saying about me at the War Office now."

Captain Marshall, whose witty play, "The Royal Family," is running at the Court Theatre, is a Scot, and in his youth was a student at Edinburgh University, where he was taught Greek by Professor Blackie, Latin by Professor Sellar, and English Literature by Professor Masson. On the death of his father, he enlisted in the 71st Highland Light Infantry. After three years' service, he was given his commission in the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, and went out to join his battalion in the West Indies. Here, in the solitude of Agar's Island, he wrote his first play, "The Subaltern." In 1893 he was appointed District Adjutant, under Sir William Gordon Cameron, at the Cape. Later on, he was stationed in Natal, and whilst

he was there he wrote that fantastical and highly successful comedy "His Excellency the Governor." At that time he was Aide-de-Camp to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson.

M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," is the popular author and lecturer. He played the leading part in a play from his own pen, entitled "On the Continent," and met with great success. He, too, is an old soldier, for he was, as a Lieutenant, in the French Artillery, and during the few years that he served with the colours he saw more active service than falls to the lot of most soldiers during an entire lifetime. He fought throughout the Franco-Prussian War, and was taken prisoner at Sedan. After being severely wounded, he was pensioned. In 1872 he came over to England, and is now a naturalised Englishman.

Among several other "Old Soldiers" may be mentioned Mr. H. T. Brickwell, the lessee and manager of the Garrick Theatre. He was for some years in the 12th (Prince of Wales's) Lancers, while Mr. Hamilton Aidé, the author of "A Nine Days' Wonder," "Doctor Bill," and other plays, served in the 85th Light Infantry.—METCALFE WOOD.



"MAX O'RELL," AGED 22, LIEUTENANT IN THE FRENCH ARTILLERY.

curious incident occurred the other day. In August last I went to Switzerland to join Sir Arthur Sullivan for a few weeks, while we were both at work upon our new opera for the Savoy. When I arrived at the hotel, Sir Arthur met me with the remark that the room he had taken



CAPTAIN R. MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "A ROYAL FAMILY," NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Robertson, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

## TWO CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

It is quite time for a fresh translation of Andersen's Fairy-Tales, which, under one form or another, have delighted children for the last fifty years. Mrs. Lucas has set about her task in the true spirit of these latter days, and in this edition (published by Emden and Co.) one is able to realise the homeliness, and even the roughness, of Hans Christian Andersen's style. Previous translators have been too anxious to tone down everything for their youthful readers, with the result of losing much of the original flavour. We must not forget that Andersen was of the people, and that, until he found a protector, a college education, and a State pension, he had worked with his hands, first in a factory, and afterwards as a tailor's apprentice. For several years he was a stage "super." He seems to have risen little beyond that level even before his voice failed him. It was, therefore, the people's language either of Odense or Copenhagen which he talked and wrote. Not less fresh than the translation are the illustrations of the brothers Robinson, between whom I will make no invidious distinctions. Much of Mr. Thomas Robinson's work is strong and thoroughly in keeping with the text, but he need not have treated "The Naughty Boy"—Cupid, to wit—so scurvily. Mr. Charles Robinson's vein is fanciful, and his touch, especially in the more delicate figures, is graceful as well as masterful. Mr. William Robinson one might at first take as supplying the humorous element, but the borders of several of his figure-pieces are full of imaginative and even

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## THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency—Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, &c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age—Quack Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

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poetic work. In fact, the three brothers, between them, depict with almost equal success the varying moods of the author in his delightful fairy-tales.

"Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill (Macqueen and Co.), is worthy of notice. The legends in Washington Irving's "The Sketchbook" have not attracted the attention of artists so much as one might have supposed. Originally published in 1820, it was not until 1850 that an illustrated edition of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" was issued, the artist being one Felix Darley, who left no special mark. A few years since, an illustrated edition of all Washington Irving's works was issued, but in this the pictorial element was of little account. Afterwards, Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., took up the "Story of Rip Van Winkle," and touched it with such graceful appreciation that it was not surprising that the volume was soon out of print. Mr. Merrill, who now comes forward to revive our interest in Diedrich Knickerbocker's hero, would seem to be largely indebted to his more recent predecessor. Where he quits his leader, he has refined away, one thinks, the surroundings of old Rip in his retreat among the Kaatskill Mountains. The Puritans of the former Dutch villages on the Hudson River were not, in Washington Irving's days, quite so rough as the Transvaal Boers of our own; but they were not the "costumed" bucks of the "General Washington," as Mr. Merrill would have us believe. In fact, these figure-studies introduced into the text, while rendering the book attractive, leave us in considerable doubt as to Mr. Merrill's rôle as illustrator. Many of them remind us of "old familiar faces" and attitudes, more especially of those to be found in Mr. G. H. Boughton's edition of the same story, and the illustrator's indebtedness to other sources seems fairly obvious. The full-page illustrations do not presume to be anything more than photographs; but this method of illustrating popular works is now so commonly adopted as to call for no special comment. It would, however, have been only a graceful compliment to the author to have included among the photographs—easily obtainable through any agency—a view of the old Dutch House of Baltus van Tassel, hard by Sleepy Hollow, where Washington Irving lived and died.

## THE MAYOR OF MAFEKING.

I believe it is not generally known that the Mayor of Mafeking, the little town to which all eyes are being turned during the present history-making epoch, is a Yorkshireman, one of those shrewd, hard-headed individuals to whom the busy West Riding owes its important position in the industrial world.

Mr. Frank Whiteley, for such is his name, was born in Bradford forty-four years ago, and early showed signs that he possessed a travel- and adventure-loving temperament.

When only seventeen years of age, he "trekked" to South Africa, his destination being the city of Durban. But on his arrival there he was much disappointed to find the vacancy he had hoped to fill already occupied, so he wandered farther inland, and visited Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Matabeleland, as a merchant of ivory.

A short time later, when just out of his teens, he took up his habitation at Bamangwato, and, having obtained a thorough mastery of Dutch and Kaffir languages, he became private secretary to King Khama, by whom he was held in high esteem.

However, eight years after his arrival in South Africa, his health having suffered considerably by reason of the hard life and new climatic conditions, he was reluctantly compelled to return to England in order to recuperate, much to the disappointment of his chief.

After sojourning here for about two years, he returned to Africa, and immediately proceeded up country to Mafeking, where he engaged in business as a general merchant, and, having established a large and very prosperous connection, he revisited England in 1892, for the purpose of taking back the present Mrs. Whiteley, who is a Dewsbury lady, her father having been a well-known business-man in the capital of Shoddydom.

During his residence in South Africa, Mr. Whiteley has experienced many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. On several occasions he has had the pleasure of meeting Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known big-game hunter.

He has also had many opportunities of forming an estimate of President—or should it not be late President?—Kruger, and he is firmly convinced that war was the only effectual remedy for the shameful misrule that has been so prolonged in his country.

Mr. Whiteley is a typical "Tyke." Strong of mind and tough of limb, he combines the two principal characteristics which should dominate in all leaders of men—will-power and physical strength. He is a faithful friend and a dangerous foe, as the Boers have found to their cost.

Just before the great battle which has been waged around his town, Mr. Whiteley was asked what he intended to do in the event of an attack by the Boers. "Just what I wish you to do," was the characteristic reply of the brave Yorkshireman; "keep my hair on!"

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.

## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

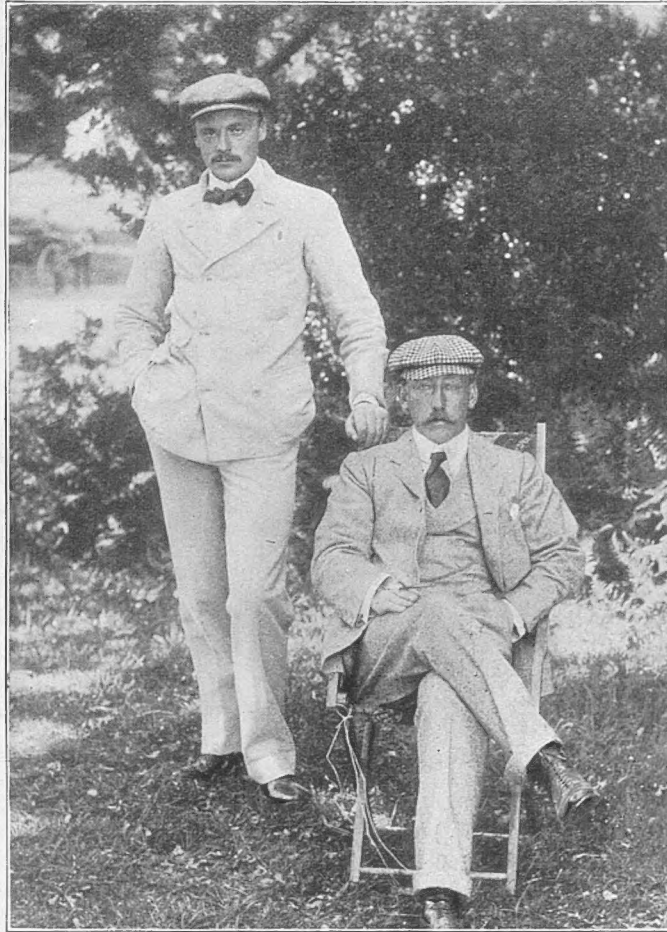
One of the largest Royal house-parties assembled at Windsor Castle of late years will be that during the visit of the German Emperor. In addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, the Queen will entertain the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke of Cambridge. The late Commander-in-Chief stands in a peculiar relation to William II. After the Duke of Cumberland and his family, His Royal Highness is the next heir to the Crown of Hanover, and, in spite of the many attempts on the part of Prince Bismarck to come to some kind of compromise or composition on the subject, he has taken absolutely the same line as did his cousin, the late King of Hanover, and has refused to give up any of his Hanoverian rights. The last time the German Emperor visited England, he stayed with the Queen at Osborne, and he has not been at Windsor since the marriage of Princess Christian's daughter to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. Among dine-and-sleep visitors, the Opposition will be well represented, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir William and Lady Harcourt all figuring in the list of those who are to be asked to have the honour of meeting His Imperial Majesty.

When the German Emperor inspected the Royal Marine Artillery (better known as the "Blue" Marines) at Eastney Barracks, their headquarters near Portsmouth, he pronounced it to be one of the finest regiments that he had ever seen. The corps certainly deserves the Kaiser's praise to-day, for a more splendid body of men could not well be found the wide world over. In height and physique they excel the Foot Guards, and, as they serve longer with the colours than the soldiers of the War Office, their experience by sea and land is proportionately greater. At Eastney the Lords of the Admiralty have given them the best-appointed domicile possible. Perhaps it was in their pleasant theatre that Mr. William Greet, whilom a Lieutenant of the "gunners afloat," first turned his attention to things theatrical. Anyway, the "Blue" Marines must be of the most valuable assistance to the Army of South Africa.

Ladies, at any rate, will be interested to know that the Empress Frederick, the Princess Royal of England, celebrates her fifty-ninth birthday on Nov. 21. Married to the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1858,

kitchen as well as the ball-room. It is now fifteen years since I married her, and every year has made us happier."

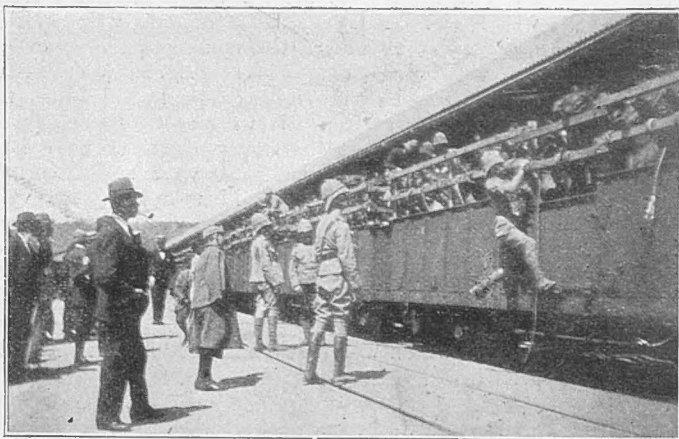
By the time these lines are in print, Prince Christian Victor will not be far distant from his battalion of the "K.R.R." at Ladysmith. It was feared he would have some difficulty in getting through, but, owing to Sir George White's heavy "hitting," the investment of the little British force is not so complete as was the case a short time ago. I have already alluded to the five campaigns in which the Prince has taken a distinguished part, so there is no need to go into his military career. One may, however, refer to a little incident which throws some light on his private character. Only the other day, Princess Christian said to a lady of her acquaintance, "I am so anxious about my boy! You can't think what a good son he is, and what a comfort he has always been to me." May he come back, safe and sound, with added laurels, to the gracious Princess and loving mother! Captain Stuart-Wortley, pictured here with the Prince, left Mauritius recently for Natal. He has already seen war-service with the Chitral Relief Expedition.



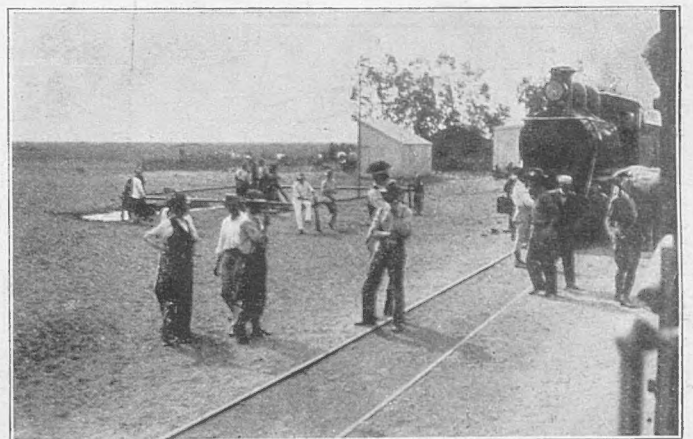
Prince Christian.  
PRINCE CHRISTIAN (NOW OUT IN AFRICA WITH THE "K.R.R.")  
AND HIS BROTHER OFFICER, CAPTAIN STUART-WORTLEY.  
*Taken at Wolmer Camp by Eldridge, Colchester.*

chamber known as the Stuart Room, which was slept in by both Charles I. and Charles II., and which is hung with very extraordinary old Flemish tapestry, embodying the history of Esther. Rufford Park has always been famed for its trees, and a fine cedar on the lawn was planted by Charles II.

It was while he was with George IV., then Prince of Wales, at Rufford Abbey, that Dibdin, the poet, at that time Master of the Ceremonies, wrote the song, "Oh, Woodman, Spare that Tree." The



THE 19TH HUSSARS LEAVING DURBAN FOR THE FRONT.  
*From a Photograph.*



CAPE POLICE ON DUTY: POWDER-TRAIN RETURNING FROM MAFEKING.  
*Photo by Astell J. Willson.*

the Empress has been a widow since 1888. The intrigues of Bismarck against her did not prevent the Empress's married life being of the happiest possible description. "What a dear, good woman my wife is," said the Emperor Frederick once, "and how warmly she loves me! She is an excellent housewife, careful of everything, superintending the

Saviles have always been favourites of Royalty; the late Mr. Augustus Savile was a great deal about the Court, and was for a long while Her Majesty's Marshal of the Ceremonies. He was an excellent amateur artist, and in the library at Rufford Abbey hangs a full-length portrait of the Prince of Wales, in Garter-robcs, painted by him.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that war has a bad effect on the marriage-rate. During the great Napoleonic campaigns there was a great deal of marrying and giving in marriage even in the Emperor's immediate entourage, and now quite a number of engaged couples who had fixed their weddings for after Christmas, or even after Easter, have arranged to be married at once. A case in point occurred on the 7th, for the marriage of Lady Evelyn Crichton and Mr. Gerald Ward, which was to take place in four months from now, was celebrated so as to allow of just one week's honeymoon. One rather pathetic feature of the wedding was the fact that the men of the 1st Life Guards who lined the aisle of the church (St. Paul's, Knightsbridge) are also starting immediately for the front. Another couple of whom I have heard, and who are well known in Brighton society, were married on a Saturday, the bridegroom starting for the Cape on the Monday. Mrs. Neeld, whose husband commands the composite Household Cavalry, is going to the Cape, and a good many ladies who have husbands or sons at the front are doing the same, among others Lady Randolph Churchill, who not only has her son, Mr. Winston Churchill, acting as War-Correspondent for the *Morning Post*, but who will also represent the American Ladies' Hospital Committee.

Not only the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, but every member of the Cavendish family is plunged into deep mourning by the tragic death of Commander Egerton. It must, however, be a great consolation to his sorrowing relations to feel that his action—which was, by the way, taken entirely on his own responsibility—may be said to have turned the tide towards victory during one of the most critical engagements which recently took place in South Africa. The news of Commander Egerton's death arrived very shortly after his mother, Lady Louisa, had received a message saying that he had borne remarkably well the severe operation necessitated by his wounds. The late officer was the namesake of his mother's brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in so tragic a fashion in the Phoenix Park. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have cancelled all their engagements; they will not be seen in general Society till after Christmas. Lady Louisa Egerton is the Duke's only surviving sister; she is two years younger than her distinguished brother, and married, at the age of thirty, Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, who died only four years ago. Of their five children, only two were sons; the eldest, Mr. William Francis Egerton, married, five years ago, Lady Alice Osborne, a sister of the present Duke of Leeds. Commander Egerton was just thirty; he became a Lieutenant eight years ago, and did not live to hear of his promotion to the rank of Commander.

The King's Royal Rifles (formerly styled the "Old Sixtieth") have suffered a great loss by the death of that upright and brave officer, Major William Joseph Myers, better known to a wide circle of friends as "Jack." He came of good old Liverpool merchant stock, though his father, the late Mr. Thomas B. Myers, lived the life of an independent country-gentleman at his beautiful seat, Porters, in Hertfordshire, and also at Forest House, Bournemouth, now the property of Lord Leven and Melville. It was here that "Jack" Myers spent most of his holidays when a boy at Eton. He was a devoted son to his mother, a daughter of Canon Melvill, whilom Chaplain to the House of Commons. From her he probably received his singular sweetness of disposition and that unobtrusive delight in antiquarian research which finds so splendid

a proof in the unrivalled collection of Eastern curiosities now deposited in the South Kensington Museum. It may safely be said that no one was a better authority on the subject to which he devoted his leisure hours and his superfluity of income, but withal he was a liberal and true



GORDON HIGHLANDERS LANDING AT DURBAN, 7 A.M., OCT. 9.

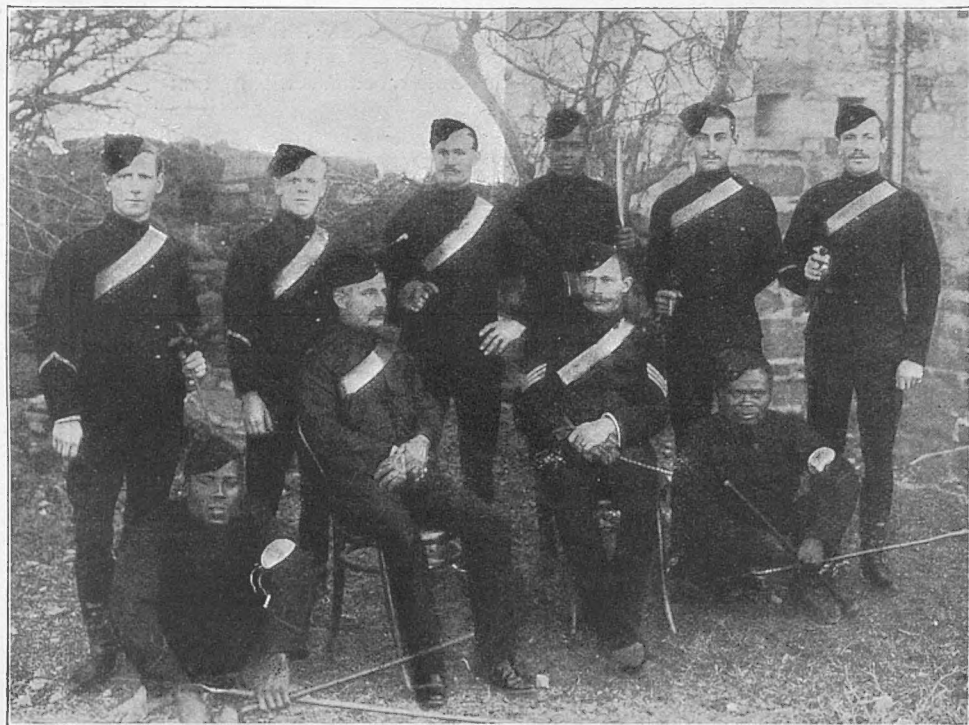
friend, and an ornament to that profession of arms in which, had he elected to remain in the regular Army, he must have risen to prominent distinction. At the time of his death, he was a member of one of the Militia Battalions (the Middlesex) of his old regiment, and would not have fallen at Farquhar's Farm had he not volunteered for active service in South Africa.

With reference to the composite Household Cavalry regiment of which I made mention in this column last week, it is interesting to recall that, prior to 1812, the Household Cavalry had never been sent on foreign service unless the Sovereign himself took the field. In the great struggle with Napoleon, however, a new departure was made, and the Household Cavalry, as all the world knows, did magnificent service in the campaigns in Spain and the South of France, and the charges of the Life Guards and "Blues" under Lord Edward Somerset at Waterloo are of historic moment.

The uniform of the "Heavies" has been changed many times. A century ago, they wore cocked-hats, a scarlet long-tailed coat, jack-boots, and white breeches. Prior to their departure for the Peninsula, a change was made. A heavy brass helmet with bearskin crest took the place of the cocked-hat, blue overalls replaced the boots and breeches, and a coatee was worn instead of the long coat. In this garb they charged at Waterloo. It was not till the coronation of George IV. that the showy cuirasses were introduced and breeches and boots were again worn for State-dress. In their khaki uniforms few would recognise the brilliant horsemen dear to Londoners, but they will still have their great black chargers, a distinctive feature of the Household Cavalry. Pictures of the Life Guards at the time of Dettingen show them mounted upon prancing black cart-horses, the tails of which were docked in the vile fashion of the period.

It ought to be known that the great majority of tradesmen, not only in London but throughout the realm, have spontaneously notified to customers belonging to the Army and Navy that soldiers and sailors of all ranks ordered to the seat of war will not be pressed to settle unpaid bills before leaving the country. This may seem a small boon, but in many instances the relief has been very grateful to the recipients of the news. We are a nation of shopkeepers. All honour to the men who keep the shop!

Trooper Martin. Trooper Openshaw. Trooper Sullivan. Tsevu. Trooper Kelsey. Trooper Jones.



Unganigazi. Sub-Inspector Mansel. Sergt. von Puttkamer. Nongulu.  
NATAL POLICE DETACHMENT AT FORT DURNFORD, ESTCOURT.

Photo by Laws Caney, Maritzburg.

Whatever may be the hardships of Thomas Atkins when he reaches the veldt across which Mr. Kruger's sharpshooters display so embarrassing an accuracy, there is no question about the splendid send-off that has been accorded to him. The sight of a soldier bound for service in South Africa has availed during the past few weeks to raise a veritable shower of good wishes and free drinks. I have seen Thomas Atkins during the past few weeks in a condition under which the Boers would certainly have him at a disadvantage, and this condition has not always been due to his own fault. A curious instance of this occurred just recently. A few days ago, I came up to Town from the country, and when I reached the London terminus, saw a soldier and a civilian just in front of me. "Well, come and have a glass, my lad," said the civilian. "It's a bit early," said Thomas Atkins, who was a fine, well-built specimen of the English soldier. "Never mind," replied the civilian; "I've stood every Tommy I've met in the last month a drink." They moved in the direction of the refreshment-room, and I heard no more. On the following night, I met the same soldier by a music-hall vestibule. Evidently he was just coming out. He had several civilian admirers with him, and was carrying far more liquor than was good for him. A crossing-sweeper looked enviously at the party as they vanished into a neighbouring saloon, and remarked, "Blimey, if I'd a kharkee suit an' a furraging-cap, I'd git blue-blind free gratis an' for nothing!" It is rather cruel kindness to take Thomas Atkins and make him quite fuddled before he goes to the wars.

Although certain French papers are perpetually slinging mud at the British nation, those in authority on the other side of the Channel are not at all desirous to quarrel with us. It must be allowed, however, that their motives are more or less selfish, the main reason being that "suspected" persons are far more easily kept in view in England than they are in any other foreign country, owing to the perfect detective system which exists between Paris and London. It matters not of what offence the person "spotted" by the Parisian police is rightly or wrongly accused, directly he takes his ticket for perfidious Albion his every movement is watched and reported, whether he leave France by way of Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Dunkirk, Havre, Bordeaux, St. Malo, or any other port. At each point of departure an agent is waiting to see him off; at each point of arrival an agent is expecting him. Victoria, Charing Cross, and Waterloo are as well under surveillance as Dover, Folkestone, or Southampton. In London, Birmingham, and Manchester he is marked down equally as he is at Liverpool, Glasgow, Barrow, or any smaller "bolt-hole," together with fashionable watering-places and remote hamlets. The supposed offender may be "suspected" of either criminal or political crime, he is treated with the same unremitting attention. At the recent Royal wedding at Kingston-on-Thames, there were dozens of mouchards in all sorts of disguises; and, though the Duc d'Orléans refused a correct list of his guests for publication in the English and foreign journals, the French Government was promptly furnished with the names of everyone present at the ceremony which united the newly created Duc and Duchesse de Guise. Scotland Yard is always willing to help in arresting criminals, but it draws the line at "politicals," which is "English, you know."

I chanced upon a professional rough-rider and bushman who knew Natal the other day, and he delivered himself after this wise: "Our cavalry were bound to fail in the north of Natal, and they have. The surface of that country is very different from a parade-ground, and a man may know all the evolutions in the world and yet be little use for his proper work—scouting. The art consists, roughly, in having a good horse and leaving him alone. The horse must be born on hills, and be

able to climb up an absolutely perpendicular precipice, in a snowstorm, carrying a chest of drawers, a cart-wheel, or a couple of scythes and four or five large panes of plate-glass." I hinted that there might be cavalry horses which might fail to come up to all these requirements. "Yes. Then the saddle should be a special one, and the rider able to



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS LANDING AT DURBAN: A FIRST LOOK ROUND.

judge from the twittering of a sparrow in front of him that there are four Dutchmen, say, riding bay horses and armed with Mauser rifles a hundred and fifty yards ahead." I then felt thankful that though this, as Lord Roberts says, will be an artillery war, and to some extent an infantry war, it cannot be a cavalry war. I also gathered that, if we wanted serviceable cavalry, we should have to get them locally. The Boer will take care not to let us fight him in easy ground.

There has been a rumour lately that Mr. Chamberlain has written a play. Why not induce him to write a melodrama on the war? It would be an immense "draw," performed for the Soldiers' Relatives Fund. Call it, say, "The Only Way, a Tale of the Two Cities of London and Pretoria," and produce it with a "star" cast. Mr. Kipling, of course, would be in the rôle of "the absent-minded beggar"; Mr. Chamberlain, as the maligned hero, dying in the fifth act to the somniferous strains of "Rule, Britannia." President Kruger (if captured in time) would make a sensation as first-murderer, and do a lot to swell the fund, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as heroine would "make the most of a good part." The thing would be done "regardless," in the Drury Lane-Adelphi manner—real lyddite shells exploded, real armoured-train, &c. Messages Marconigraphed from Natal would be brought on the stage as they came in, and the day's news worked into the play in the new style. If run for a few weeks, the soldiers' families would get enough to live in a state of demoralising luxury for the rest of their lives.

It must be delightful to become so celebrated as to have ovels written about one. Yet, if many more are written "round" Mr. Cecil Rhodes by admirers, male or female, the Napoleonic fever in literature will give way to a Rhodesian epidemic. In "The Colossus," a girl tries to enslave the (alleged) great woman-hater. How many people in Society here know that there is in London at present a lady, well-connected and wealthy, whom Mr. Rhodes, years ago, was supposed to be going to marry, and for some mysterious reason did not marry? For that matter, he still always goes to see her when in England, so may we not hope for a Mrs. Cecil Rhodes still? At all events, wondering about things like this lends a zest to life. It is to be very much doubted whether the Colossus is a woman-hater at all, except, perhaps, as regards women novelists. Probably Empire-building is too engrossing a sport to give time for marrying or giving in marriage. Mr. Rhodes, like the schoolboy who was being flogged and forgot to howl, is "thinking about something else."



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS LANDING AT DURBAN: CLAIMING KIT.

It has been suggested that the war in the Transvaal will play havoc with the insurance companies. The mortality among the officers is very high, and, if Lord Wolseley is right, it will be higher still before the war is over. Most of the men who depend largely upon their pay and leave a wife and children at home have sought to insure themselves before going out, and I am told that the insurance has been very hard to procure. Perhaps the reputation held by the Boers for accurate shooting, a reputation they have upheld, has something to do with the difficulty. I am told that the cost of these war-deaths is paid by a fund to which all the leading insurance companies are subscribers, so that the strain, however severe, cannot become dangerous. At a time when the most commercially minded people are relaxing their rules of life in order to share the general enthusiasm, it is surprising to hear that officers find a difficulty in obtaining insurance. Considering the immense reserve funds belonging to leading offices, funds that must sooner or later compel Government legislation for their control, there seems no reason why the soldier, who is cheerfully risking his life for his country, should not be able, in return for a fair premium, to leave his wife and family a substantial sum over and above the pension that will fall to them. A financier, with whom I discussed the question a few days ago, told me that the question of military insurance was one about which a great deal would be heard at the termination of the present war. He hinted that there was room for a very comprehensive scheme that would be very popular from the patriotic point of view, and yet be found consistent with strict business principles.

Perhaps the regiment which left England with the least flourish of trumpets and parade was the 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, for no paper gave more than a bare notice of its recent departure. Yet the old 13th had at least one distinction on which to pride itself, for it was among the four battalions which embarked with but one Reservist

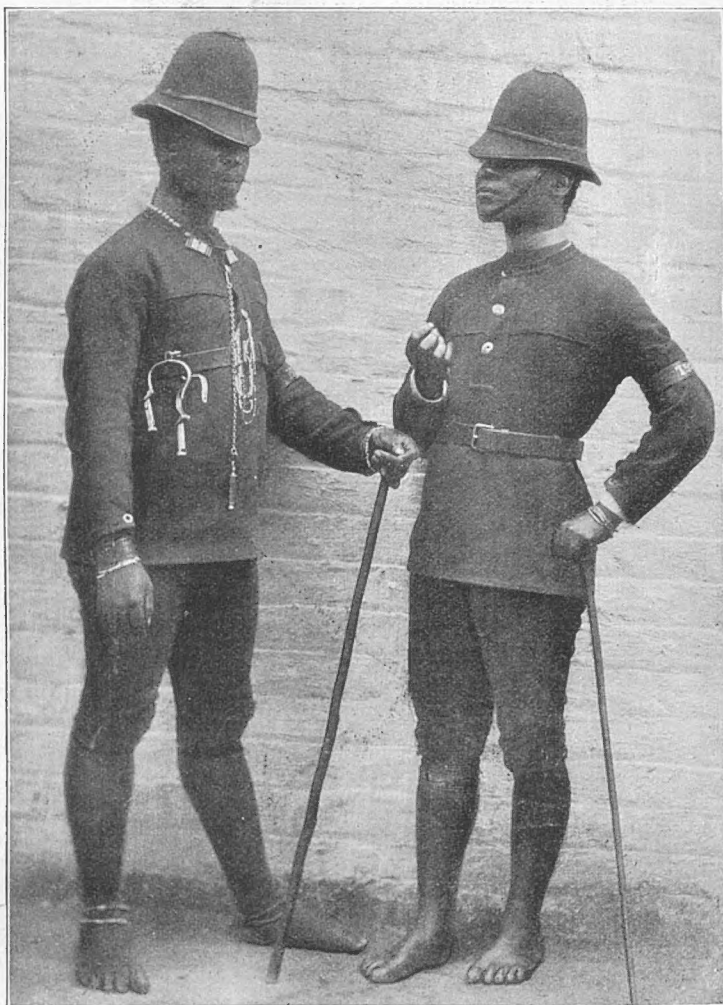
missing. Then, too, though boasting an origin of but thirty or so years ago, it is the 2nd Battalion of one of the very oldest regiments in the service, and the "Prince Albert's Light Infantry" won undying glory in the Afghan War of 1842, when, for its gallant defence of Jellalabad, it received the badge of a mural crown and the words "Jellalabad" and "Cabool 1842." The 13th defended Jellalabad for five months "almost without money or food," and with improvised defences, and on its return to India the Governor-General ordered that the regiment should be received by all the troops "in review order with presented arms." From Dettingen to Burmah and the recent North-West campaign, the Somersets have done good service, and, with the 90th (Lord Wolseley's old regiment), under Sir Evelyn Wood, the 1st Battalion came out of the Zulu War and the Sekukuni affair with great credit.

Lord Archibald Campbell is ever to the fore when the tartan of the Highland regiments or the colour of the Scots Greys' horses becomes a matter of discussion, even if but a rumour of any alteration gets afloat. It comes as something of a surprise, therefore, to find him just as earnestly advocating the turning inside-out of the kilt, and the presenting to the enemy of a dun-coloured front, to be reversed to the clan tartan—be it Gordon, Mackenzie, or what not—when occasion admits. Then the sporrans are to be dyed a dust-colour, and the tassels used only when not campaigning. Lord Archibald points out that, if the tartan backed with

khaki is more expensive, less of it need be used, owing to its increased weight. Perhaps, however, the simplest solution of the difficulty would be the adoption of trews in a campaign such as that in South Africa. All Highland regiments have trews which they wear on occasion, and, in such fighting as appears to be the most effective in storming the rocky kopjes of Natal, namely, the skirmishing tactics of the Rifles and the Boers, bare knees do not appear, to say the least, to be either absolutely necessary or particularly conducive to comfort.



MISS LILY MACINTYRE, WHO PLAYS IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



THE "ROBERT" OF DURBAN.



WHO IS IT? A RELIC OF GUY FAWKES' DAY.

Those of my readers who know the excellent cartoons in *Vanity Fair*—and which of them is not acquainted with "Spy" and all his works?—will be interested in the portraits I reproduce on this page of the famous artist and his bride. Mr. Leslie Ward is the son of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., and his marriage to Judith Mary, only daughter of the late Major Richard Topham, 4th Hussars, and of Mrs. Raby Watney, of Littlemount, Cookham Dean, Berks, took place in St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, last Thursday afternoon. The Rev. Canon Fleming, Vicar of the parish, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. John Labouchere, cousin of the bride, the service being choral. The bride, who was given away by her step-father, wore a gown of white crêpe-de-Chine embroidered in silver, with satin train trimmed with point de Flandres. Her train was held by the two youngest bridesmaids and Master Fitzroy Master, all dressed in white satin.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ward and Miss Enid Ward, sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Labouchere, cousin of the bride, Miss Romsey, Miss Maitland Shaw, and Miss Rhodes. They wore white cloth trimmed with sable and turquoise-blue velvet, with picture-hats of black velvet and feathers. Mr. Harry Newton attended the bridegroom as best man. Lord Rowton, Mr. Frith, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. H. Labouchere, Mr. and Mrs. A. Labouchere, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnand, Lady Honeywood, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Nickalls, and many representatives of art, literature, and the drama, were present at the marriage, and afterwards at the reception held at the Hans Crescent

gentleman was mainly engaged in trying to keep his face straight. Though the author of "The Mikado" never got that speech off, he doubtless found consolation in the fact that the old lady got three months.

The rather meagre Lord Mayor's Procession was witnessed from Benson's windows, Ludgate Hill, by Prince Mom Chow Tong Chuer and Prince Mom Chow Thane, who were accompanied by H.E. the Siamese Minister. I wish the City of London had favoured them and the public generally with a better Show.

The Gordon Home Boys and the lads of the Caledonian Asylum excited marked interest in the Civic pageant on Nov. 9. I hear from Mr. Ernest H. Baker that these martial-looking youths—drilled to march like the miniature soldiers of the Duke of York's School, and as I should like to see all British youngsters trained—quite besieged the Temple Bar Restaurant, and that each little man commandeered a substantial meat-sandwich, a bath-bun, and a glass of milk; dainty Ida acting as smiling vivandière, or, shall I say, milkmaid? No less than three hundred lads were thus amply fed at the Temple Bar.

The most important musical events recently were M. Dohnányi's pianoforte recital, Madame Melba's concert, and the last of Dr. Richter's present series. M. Dohnányi, who hails from the same place as the renowned violinist, Dr. Joachim—Presburg, in Hungary—is certainly



MR. LESLIE WARD ("SPY," OF "VANITY FAIR"), WHO ON NOV. 9 MARRIED MISS JUDITH MARY TOPHAM.

Photo by Müller and Co., Holborn.



MRS. LESLIE WARD (MISS JUDITH MARY TOPHAM), DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MAJOR RICHARD TOPHAM.

Photo by Kate Pragnail, Sloane Street, S.W.

Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ward subsequently left for Brighton, followed by the good wishes of all the world, his wife, and *The Sketch*.

The Earl of Rosse, who celebrates his fifty-ninth birthday on Nov. 17, is a striking example of hereditary talent. His father, the third Earl, was a President of the Royal Society, and the builder, in 1845, of the famous telescope, fifty-eight feet long, in his park at Parsonstown, King's County, at a cost of £30,000. The son is a learned mechanical engineer and astronomer; like his father, a Fellow of the Royal Society. Last year, it will be remembered, the Earl went to India to observe the solar eclipse. The Rosse estates comprise about twenty-five thousand acres, part being in Ireland and the remainder in Yorkshire, near Pontefract and Bradford.

It was in Southampton Street, Strand, that Mr. W. S. Gilbert was born, and he celebrates his sixty-third birthday on Nov. 18. His first theatrical piece was produced at the St. James's Theatre, when he was thirty years of age, and when he was a barrister waiting for the briefs that were so slow in coming. When the first brief did come, however, Mr. Gilbert determined to make a great effort, and many of his friends, including Mrs. Bancroft, gathered to hear the maiden speech. The afterwards famous author was engaged in the prosecution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a coat, and, when he began the speech that he had so carefully prepared and rehearsed, the old dame forthwith commenced to interject such remarks as "Oh, yer divil, sit down! Sure, now, he's a loier, yer Honour! Sit down, ye spalpeen! He's known to all the perlice, yer Honour." After some minutes of this abuse, Mr. Gilbert had to ask the Recorder's intervention, but that

one of the greatest executants of the day, but he occasionally distorts the works of eminent composers in order to display his special gifts. He has extraordinary command of the keyboard, and also much ability as a composer.

Madame Melba's chief success at her recent Albert Hall concert was achieved in Handel's "Sweet Bird." Her lovely voice and style added new charms to the delightful music of Handel. The flute obligato was splendidly executed by Mr. Griffith. Mr. Santley had an enthusiastic greeting in the fine old song, "Hearts of Oak." We have exchanged "Hearts of Oak" for armoured trains and ships of steel, but British patriotism and British pluck have suffered no diminution. Mr. Ben Davies and other excellent vocalists assisted Madame Melba, who, following Madame Patti's example, responded to an encore with "Comin' thro' the Rye." Her rendering of the scena from Verdi's "Traviata" was another triumph for the great prima-donna. A popular programme included solos for violin and pianoforte.

Dr. Richter's most recent concert at Queen's Hall was devoted to Wagner and Beethoven, and in conducting the works of these composers Dr. Richter has no equal. His wonderful memory enables him to conduct without the score, and he is so familiar with these masterpieces that he never misses a point or makes an error in the tempo. It is greatly to the credit of English musical culture that nearly half of the members of his famous orchestra are natives of this country. They idolise their conductor, and he is very proud of his forces, and declares that they "read at sight" better than any other musicians in Europe.

Sir Edgar Vincent, of Esher Place, Esher, Surrey, who succeeds to the seat held by Sir Stafford Northcote since 1880, is the youngest son of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Vincent, eleventh baronet, by his



SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G.  
JUST RETURNED FOR THE BOROUGH OF EXETER IN THE  
PLACE OF SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.  
Photo by Denney and Co., Exeter.

second wife, Maria Copley, daughter of the late Mr. Hervie Young, of Auchenskeoch, Kirkeudbrightshire, and was born in 1857. He was educated at Eton, and after a short period spent in the Army, took up the appointment of British, Belgian, and Dutch representative on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt at Constantinople, and became President of the Council. Later, in 1883, he was appointed Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, which post he filled until 1889, subsequently accepting the post of Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, from which he retired in 1897. Sir Edgar Vincent married, in 1890,

Lady Helen Venetia Duncombe, second daughter of the first Earl of Feversham. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1887.

It has been said that Whigs, like poets, are born, not made. The Marquis of Lansdowne, on whom a heavy burden of responsibility lies just now, was born a Whig, and has remained a faithful adherent of the Whig leader. Although he entered the service of the State and of his Party at an early age, it was only by slow steps that he reached his present high position at the head of the War Office. He was an Under-Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's first Government; he became Governor-General of Canada during that statesman's second Administration, and, five years later, the Unionists having then left the Liberals, he was sent by Lord Salisbury's Government to India. The year following his return, he was admitted to the present Cabinet. Thus he has enjoyed as much State employment as a Whig could desire. Lord Lansdowne is not a merely ornamental member of the Cabinet. His appointment was not intended as a sop to the Peerage; it was due to his merits as an administrator. He is a man of brains, without much sentiment, but with a remarkably clear, active, and well-informed mind.

Although Lord Lansdowne's brother belongs to the Opposition, there is probably not much difference between their politics except in the matter of Home Rule. The one might claim to be as good a Whig as the other. Does not Sir William Harcourt regard himself as the apostolic successor of the Whigs of the eighteenth century? Neither the Marquis of Lansdowne nor Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is an attractive speaker. The elder, however, is less dogmatic in style than the younger. He is so capable a man that he might make a good Party Leader at a pinch, and he has been spoken of as a possible Ambassador or Foreign Secretary. His wife is a sister of the Secretary of State for India, and his elder daughter is married to Mr. Victor Cavendish, the future Duke of Devonshire. His two sons have gone to the war, so that to his heavy official burden is added keen personal anxiety.

Several Blundellians, with a patriotism that I heartily admire, write to point out the Archbishop of Canterbury was educated at their school, and they would like to know why the fact was not mentioned in *The Sketch* article on His Grace in the issue for Oct. 18. I haven't the least idea, but I shall talk at length and with emphasis to the writer of the article. In the meantime, success to all Blundellians!

There is an undeniable attractiveness about any invention which is at once simple, ingenious, and practically useful. In these respects I was much struck by watching the working of an automatic machine which has been aptly called the "Accurate Check-Taker." This machine, which I find is now in use at all the principal Metropolitan theatres and music-halls, as well as at all the chief places of entertainment in the provinces, registers with arithmetical certainty the exact number of persons who have passed into the unreserved seats—that is, into the pit and gallery—and so irrefutably records to a shilling the nightly takings in these parts of the house, a feat as yet never before accomplished by any other machine. But this is by no means its chief advantage, for that consists in its presenting a complete check to any possible collusion between the money-taker and the check-taker, while the speed with which the machine can be worked permits the public to pass into the house with unprecedented celerity. It is incidentally pleasing to learn, as showing the general integrity of working staffs, that these machines, which bid fair to revolutionise the old system of ticket-issuing, have been well received by the pay-office employés throughout the country. Of course, to managers and syndicates they come as a boon and a blessing.



THE "ACCURATE CHECK-TAKER."

Hôtel Albemarle, Piccadilly, the well-known resort of the West-End *élite*, having been re-decorated and re-furnished in a most *recherché* and sumptuous style, is now, I am informed, filled to overflowing with a distinguished *clientèle*. With its excellent cuisine and service, and air of home-like comfort seldom met with in a *fin-de-siècle* hotel, the Albemarle ranks with the very first of the leading hotels.



THE POST OFFICE AT MAFEKING. OBSERVE THE HORSES ON WHICH DESPATCH-RIDERS HAVE JUST RIDDEN IN AT TOP SPEED WITH MESSAGES FOR CAPE TOWN, OLD ENGLAND, AND "THE SKETCH."

Miss Marie Tempest, who is at present delighting the audiences at Daly's Theatre with her finished and artistic performance as San Toy, is a great reader of English, American, and French novels, and gets through nearly all the new novels of any merit as they are published. Her favourite English novelist is Rudyard Kipling, so, needless to say, nothing of his ever escapes her perusal. Amongst her special weaknesses may be mentioned old silver, lace, curios, and china, of which she possesses an exceedingly good collection. Being a great lover of animals, she possesses no less than five dogs—four Pomeranians and a black Chow; her favourite is a miniature Pomeranian named "Toto," who reciprocates his mistress's affection in a very marked degree. She is an accomplished horsewoman and an excellent "whip."

Mr. W. G. Elliot, who has inaugurated his first season as manager and lessee of the St. George's Hall, is an old Eton and Trinity man. Whilst at Cambridge he was President of the A. D. C., following closely in the steps of Mr. Charles Brookfield. Two of the original founders of this Society, by the way, were Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. C. W. Clark, whose name is well known to the students of Shakspeare. Mr. Elliot, who took his degree in 1882, is a Scotchman, and consequently a great devotee to golf and a keen all-round sportsman. This is not the first time that he has been in management, for, after an engagement at the Court Theatre, where he played the Guardsman in Messrs. Sims and Raleigh's clever farce of the name, he took over the management of the St. James's Theatre for a short season, and produced Mr. H. V. Esmond's clever play, "Bogey," which, however, did not meet with popular favour. On the completion of his tenancy of the St. James's, he joined Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the Royalty Theatre, and took up the part of Martindale in "The Chili Widow." This performance added greatly to his reputation, and his amusing realisation of the character contributed in no small degree to the long run of the piece. Strange to say, as Martindale he wore an exceedingly large pair of spectacles, which produced the same comic effect as the enormous clippers that he is wearing as Lord Fitzroy in "The Modern Craze." On his return from America with Mr. Bouchier, where he made a great success, Mr. Elliot had serious thoughts of leaving the stage, owing to a very tempting offer from a publishing firm. However, the old love was too strong for him, and he joined Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket Theatre. He left the Haymarket to become his own manager once more.

Miss Edith Neville is a very promising young actress, who was all through the run of "La Poupée," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and in "A Royal Star" and "The Coquette" at the same theatre. She also appeared in "Great Cæsar," at the Comedy.

I regret that "O. O.," in his "Literary Lounger" column last week, inadvertently attributed Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's "The Doctor" to Messrs. Methuen and Co. The book is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, to whom I must apologise for the error.

Miss Claire Addison, who created the title-rôle in Signor Clerici's new one-act opera, "Lorraine," is a young soprano who has been heard in London at both the spring and autumn seasons of Grand Opera at Covent Garden, as well as in all the leading concert-rooms. Lately Miss Addison has confined herself more to concert and oratorio work in London and the provinces, though she says her whole heart is in operatic work, and she intends to return to it at no very distant date. This picture shows her as Goethe's luckless heroine, Marguerite.



MISS CLAIRE ADDISON.

We have heard a good deal about the "doubles" in St. Stephen's and the *alter egos* of not a few of our leading men. To Glasgow pertains the distinction of having the exact counterparts of a national and a theatrical celebrity. A young factory-girl in the "Second City" is a perfect image of Miss Edna May, while a car-conductor bears so close a resemblance to Rudyard Kipling that he might be the Imperial bard's twin brother.

The Rev. Joseph Holmes, Vicar of Swineshead, Lincolnshire, is a remarkable and interesting figure. On Nov. 10 he was seventy-nine years of age, and for the last fifty-one years has been Vicar of his present parish, where he is held in high esteem. The Rev. Joseph Holmes was born Nov. 10, 1820. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Holmes, Headmaster of the Leeds Grammar School and Curate-in-Charge for twenty years of Trinity Church in that town. The Vicar of Swineshead was a scholar and prizeman of Trinity College, Cambridge; B.A., 1844, and M.A., 1847; ordained deacon in 1847 and priest in 1848, by the Bishop of Lichfield; was Curate of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, 1847-1848, and was appointed Vicar of Swineshead in November 1848, by the patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College. He married, in August 1857, Frances Caroline, second daughter of the late Rev. Charles Moore, Rector of Wyberton, and sister of Colonel Moore, C.B., of Frampton Hall, Boston. During his occupancy of the living, great work has been done, including the restoration of the historic church.

THE REV. JOSEPH HOLMES,  
FOR MORE THAN HALF-A-CENTURY VICAR  
OF SWINESHEAD.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Apropos of the production of "The Rounders" at the Gaiety, one of my contributors who has just seen it at the New York Casino writes to me that the first act is very dull and could be greatly improved if Mr. George Edwardes once took it in hand. There is a foolish discordant German band in it, introduced apparently for the purpose of giving us another "polite lunatic," and the story is needlessly spun out in this act. The second act will be popular because it reproduces (as in "The Circus Girl" and "Zaza") one of those behind-the-scenes points of view which are always so fascinating to the man "in front." My correspondent thinks the piece would have a greater chance of success if Mr. Harry Davenport and Miss Phyllis Rankin, both established favourites in London, were brought to town. Miss Gillman, the (soprano) prima donna, is indispensable. By the way, he thinks that "Zaza" would have as little success in London as "The Conquerors" had. It is quite as coarse, and nothing struck him so much as the crowd of young girls who sat it out with never a twinge or blush. Mr. Ludwig Engländer, who wrote the music for "The Rounders," has just inherited £64,000 from an uncle in Hungary.

The volume, "Glasgow in the 'Forties," by the late Mr. William Simpson, the distinguished War Artist of the *Illustrated London News*,

which Messrs. Morison Brothers, of Glasgow, are about to issue, apart from its intrinsic value, will possess an enduring interest to the many friends of William Simpson. The work, issued by arrangement with the Corporation of Glasgow—in whose Galleries the originals are displayed—consists of selected pictures from water-colour drawings, and will be uniform in size and style with "Bygone Glasgow," published by Messrs. Morison Brothers three years ago. Mr. A. H. Millar, a capable authority, has revised the work throughout, and the edition will be strictly limited to five hundred copies for sale. It might here be mentioned that a work on Biblical interpretation, a subject which engaged Mr. Simpson's attention in the last months of his life, will be published presently, under the title "The Jonah Legend."

It was said of Mr. Grant Allen many years ago that he had an article in every magazine and a paradox in every article. Grant Allen once said of his friend Mr. Andrew Lang that there was more wit in a lost leader in the *Daily News* than in a few hundred novels.

I have received a list of cars that attended the Motor-Car Club's run to Brighton on the 13th. I hope to say something of the run next week.

## MRS. BROWN-POTTER AT HOME.

Mrs. Brown-Potter deserves to be portrayed afresh. This bewitching actress has organised a brilliant Café Chantant at Claridge's for Saturday next, to be attended by the Prince of Wales, in aid of the American Ladies' Hospital Ship for South Africa. Her beauty is a thing beyond doubt, and, as she came into her little morning-room, with its cheerful scarlet walls and white decorations, clad in a simple morning-gown, with black-and-white blouse, and her beautiful hair dressed low, she looked every whit as charming as she did in the latest play in which she appeared.

Mrs. Brown-Potter's hair is a vivid red-brown, and sweeps in a classic curve across her forehead, whilst the almond-shaped brown eyes, the perfectly formed, slightly aquiline nose, and the vivid red lips give her a somewhat Jewish aspect, which is not surprising, considering that her grandmother was a Spanish Jewess.

"It is difficult to say when I began acting," she told me, as I plied her with questions. "I recited in public for charities when I was a tiny child, and I well remember the little plays my mother used to write for my sister and me to perform long before we were emancipated from the nursery. My mother educated me somewhat irregularly, but after her own ideas; Shakspeare was an especial study, so that I had a repertoire of Shaksperian heroines from a very early date. As I grew up, I continued to act for charities as an amateur, and made no less than £10,000 for this purpose in New York, a record sum. It seemed to me, therefore, when I decided to be independent and make money for myself, that the stage was quite the most suitable career."

"And when did you go on the boards professionally?"

"Fourteen years ago, and since that time, like the Wandering Jew, I

have been all over the world. I've played everywhere, and had ups-and-downs of every description. Sometimes I've had money, and sometimes"—with a smile—"I've been without; but I have been everywhere and known everybody that I have wished to know, and it is my profession that has brought me these pleasures."

"And now you are finally settled in England?"

"Yes; London is the Mecca of every actress, and I felt at last that I had travelled enough and wanted to settle down and make a home."

"You have a very charming one here," I said, admiring the dainty room, the walls lined with engravings, whilst below the white overmantel stood signed photographs of the Prince of Wales, Madame Melba, Miss Ellen Terry, and others; and a silver table close by contained various treasures.

"This is the largest white sapphire ever found in Ceylon; this fan really belonged to Marie Antoinette," said Mrs. Brown-Potter, raising

the lid of the table; "that sheet of verse was written for me by Robert Browning after I recited to him in Paris once; Madame Armand Plissy, who used to act with the great Rachel, gave me that other fan, which was used by the French actress; the enamel specimens were the gifts of the Maharajah of Jeypore; and that ring containing the miniature was from Kate Vaughan, whilst the moonstone beside it was given me for good luck."

We crossed over into the dining-room, another scarlet room, with a most perfect collection of old Empire furniture which Mrs. Brown-Potter has picked up in remote French towns.

"Here are some more of my treasures," she said, halting before the mantelpiece. "This cocoa-nut, carved with the whole history of a cocoa-nut, came from Ceylon; that is money from the Cannibal Islands in the South Seas," holding up a string of what looked like black and white tabloids. "With this cup I have always played Juliet."

A tall cabinet, the shelves lined with silver and old china, excited my admiration, and my hostess explained that she had brought a souvenir spoon from every town where she had drawn good houses, whilst the beautiful examples of chased Indian silver had been the gifts of Rajahs and other Indians of high degree, on the occasion of her professional visits to India and Ceylon.

In the drawing-room, with its pale-green walls, were large signed portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Empress Eugénie, and others. Then there was an extraordinary collection of daggers and deadly weapons, Edmund Kean's dagger, given to Mrs. Brown-Potter by Mr. Kyrle Bellew the first night she played Juliet, and, among others, the sword with which nine Chinamen had been put to death at Hong-Kong, presented by a gentleman who was much disappointed because the beautiful actress would not accompany him to the execution; a rare Bokhara rug,

given by a dragoman; and Miladi's coach in silver. In short, there was so much to see that there was little time to talk of Mrs. Brown-Potter's achievements.

"One of my most extraordinary experiences was playing Juliet before the Mikado of Japan," she told me, "from seven till ten in the morning, and being loaded between the acts with offerings of flowers, candies, and small, unsavoury preserved fish! Another quite different ovation was when I played Juliet for the last night at Melbourne. About five or six hundred people waited for me at the stage-door, and when I came out they kissed my cloak and begged for flowers as souvenirs, whilst at least a couple of hundred folks chased my cab to the hotel."

"You ought to write a book of memoirs," I said, bidding my hostess good-bye, and heartily hoping, as I left, that Mrs. Brown-Potter's Café Chantant may be a huge success.

L. B.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AT HOME.

From a Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

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## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

The truism, that every artist puts something of himself into his work, of a surety finds its expression in the case of "One Hour and the Next," the new novel by Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, which Messrs. Methuen and Co. have just issued.

Anyone but superficially acquainted with the ideas and aims of the young Duchess, and the philanthropic work she has done and is doing, would naturally expect her to give expression to the thoughts they have engendered in a work of this kind, even though it is at variance with the traditions of the older and more conservative aristocracy to which she belongs.

But little over thirty, endowed with beauty and a figure of striking proportions—for, like Rosalind, she is "more than common tall"—with all that wealth can command to make for amusement and that butterfly existence which, according to the popular view, is the inheritance of her order, the Duchess of Sutherland has, nevertheless, decided to do what in her lies for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and has thrown herself with no uncertain energy into the philanthropic movement of the day. To her activity is in great measure due the formation of the Temperance Association which has been started around the neighbourhood of her home in Sutherland, in which work as well as other cognate philanthropic labours she has allied herself with Lady Henry Somerset, whose name in this connection is of world-wide celebrity.

"One Hour and the Next" has for its background the struggle of Labour against Capital. It paints with no uncertain touch the terrible condition of the poor, the misery in which they live when a strike is on and starvation stares them in the face.

These are ugly subjects for a woman to deal with, even in fiction, where facts may be gathered at second-hand. Much of the information, however, may have been, probably was, collected by the Duchess herself, for, be it remembered, she was one of those who promoted the Scottish Industries Association, for the purpose of improving the condition of the Cotters and removing from their necks the grinding heel of the middleman, who kept the unfortunate workmen in a state of subjection by buying their goods from them at the lowest possible rate, while supplying them with the materials for it and the food on which they eked out a bare existence at the highest possible price. The result was that the poor people were constantly and continually in his debt, and the Duchess and her comrades took the matter into their hands and changed the unfortunate Cotter's lot to one of self-respecting sufficiency. Now, the materials as well as their food-supplies are sold to the Cotters at the lowest possible price, the finished material is bought at a fair price, and the Association is a Limited Company.

This book is a strenuous, serious effort. It must be read strenuously and seriously, or not read at all. Discussions on Socialism, on religion, on the Labour Question, are the subjects of conversation of the chief characters, who give utterance to their views without any softening of the asperities of their thought and without cloaks of phrases to hide their meaning.

"There's been so much humbug connected with religion," says the Socialistic hero, Robert Lester, "so much preachy-preachy of the cant of content, so much shirking of truth, that I confess that I'm a little in front of, or behind, the times in following those views. Glory be to Christ or Mahomet or Buddha, say I, but I don't very much see how they're going to help to wake up our world."

These are strong words, but they come from a strong man who is not afraid to recognise that he "plays the Devil with everything." Like a strong man, he dominates the being of Agnes Stainer, the modern girl with ideas and ideals—as well as a typewriter—who identifies herself with him and his Cause, and in true womanly fashion gradually merges the Cause in the man. Like a strong man, he arrests the attention of the reader, from the moment he is introduced in his room, where "the aroma of his tobacco clung to the curtains, to the furniture, to everything that could be handled. His sketches and prints were scattered with total disregard to symmetry on the walls, tastelessly decorated by a former tenant with a garish paper. Upon the tables, or across the top of an unexpected Broadwood piano, lay his pamphlets and books, heaped amidst a medley of caps, pipes, and smoking accessories in luxuriant disorder."

The drawing of this character has evidently been something more than a labour of love, something more than a labour of art. It has the vital impression of life in it; so much so, indeed, that one might make a shrewd guess as to the living model who had stood for the portrait. Yet the average novel-reader will find in this fascinating study something as repellent as did Philip Assheton, who "wants to hate him" and yet is unable to "quite."

Around these two men, indeed, and their relations to the girl who loves the one and is loved by the other, the personal interest of the story revolves. Curiously enough, however, though the author is a woman, there is singularly little love-making in the story, in which, paradoxical though it may sound, the background becomes the foreground, and it is the pictures of the men fighting the battle of an extra shilling or two a week, and the women and children suffering, which linger in one's memory when one closes the book.

These pictures are exceedingly vivid, but not more vivid or more striking than the arguments for and against that great Labour Question which has dominated the world for centuries, and even to-day threatens to bring about a conflict which may stain the opening years of the new century with a crimson dye and readjust the balance of power, in the New World as well as the Old.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Neil Munro, who is acquiring an enviable reputation as a novelist, is, in addition, an industrious journalist. He contributes Views and Reviews to the Glasgow *Evening News* every Thursday, and writes, besides, on the Mondays. To *St. Andrew*, a new religious paper published in Glasgow, he also contributes a column of literary gossip, under the signature of "Quille Penne." Mr. Munro's new book, "Gilian the Dreamer," published by Messrs. Isbister, is already in its eighth thousand, and the same firm will issue another work of his by-and-by. The publishers of *Good Words* have always been generous to Scotch writers. Next year they will issue in that magazine a new story by another Glasgow novelist, Mr. John Buchan. Like Mr. Munro, Mr. Buchan is something of a journalist, and he has done criticism for *Blackwood's Magazine*. One of his best articles was on George Borrow.

*Blackwood*, I observe, pronounces Mr. Quiller Couch's new story, "The Ship of Stars," "a splendid failure," and I see Mr. Neil Munro is disposed to condemn it. Certainly Mr. Quiller Couch has departed in "The Ship of Stars" from his old romanticism. He has come closer in contact with the facts of life, and there is a certain sombreness and gravity in his views which has impressed, or rather, depressed, even such a friend and admirer as Mr. A. B. Walkley. "The Ship of Stars" is not a book that makes a strong appeal to the popular taste. It needs more than one reading to see how thorough it is, how conscientious, how able, how resolutely faithful to the author's ideal of fine workmanship. It has not the delightful buoyancy of "Troy Town," nor the pathos and beauty of "The Delectable Duchy," but it has other qualities equally precious and equally rare. Still, Mr. Quiller Couch is too young a man to part with high spirits, and too truly a poet to be permanently content with what has been called "the great bare style." I know "the great bare style" is the concentration of poetry, but how can you write a novel full of concentrated emotion in every line and even in every word? After all, there must be points of rest.

Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, controverts the idea that Mr. Grant Allen had a sad life. He says: "The truth is that Grant Allen lived a singularly full and complete life, with real zest and real happiness." Mr. Richards was Mr. Allen's nephew, and his opinion carries great authority. Sir Walter Besant also deprecates the idea of pitying Grant Allen. He says: "How many lawyers, medical men, clergymen, schoolmasters, architects, pass through years of ill-paid drudgery? How many never win recognition at all? How many at the age of fifty-three can look back, as Grant Allen could, to fifteen years, at least, of success and substantial comfort?" There is a good deal in this manly way of looking at things. Yet I cannot help thinking there was a true element of pathos in Grant Allen's life. He never quite succeeded in anything. A little more, and he might have been a great scientist; a little more, and he might have been a great novelist; a little more, and he might have been a great critic. I do not see that he would ever have been, in the true sense, a poet, though his verses are intellectually able. As things were, he was beaten in all his spheres by men who in general range of power and knowledge could not compare with him. My acquaintance with him was very slight, and does not entitle me to speak; but I should have said that, while he was generally very kind in his talk about men, he was anything but an optimist in his general view of life.

Mrs. Lionel Phillips' book on the Transvaal has been received rather coldly by the Conservative Press, which might have been expected to rejoice in her attacks on Kruger or Joubert. The *Standard* points out that Mrs. Phillips contradicts herself in her estimate of the Boer character, and adds that her view of the Kaffir, as "quite another creation" from the white man, is significant as a revelation of her mental attitude. The *Telegraph* quotes her description of Boer cruelty to prisoners, contrasting with it the testimony of Sir George White, that General Joubert had treated our wounded with great humanity.

Dr. Parker has reason to be satisfied with the reviews of his latest book, "A Preacher's Life." The *Spectator*, which dealt so inadequately with the Lives of Dr. Dale and Professor Drummond, thinks this volume "a not ineffective *apologia pro vita*." The reviewer's next sentence requires an *apologia*: "He has expressed admiration for some people whom we could not consider admirable; but it is not difficult to see, as we read, how he came to do so, and we think the better of him for seeing it."

One of the queerest books that ever came into my hands is "The Theology of Modern Literature," by Dr. S. Law Wilson (T. and T. Clark). After a long, discursive, awkward preface, the writer enters on his subject as the matron may have entered Mr. Barrie's Home for Geniuses. He has his list of rules, which every genius must obey, and woe to the hapless man who deviates into any theological eccentricity! Deliciously patronising are his remarks on the Scottish school of fiction: "If Barrie and Ian Maclaren have given us much on the lines of George MacDonald, it is also true to say that they have given us much on their own lines. The true creative gift is undeniably theirs; the hall-mark of genius is legible on much which they have written; the question of stature may be left to the critics." He constantly names the two writers together, as if they were Siamese twins. Mr. Barrie is, perhaps, a trifle worse than his fellow-criminal: "He is resolute," it seems, "in declining a dogmatic religion." Dr. Wilson is a solemn writer, but his book may be recommended as likely to cheer a November evening, and divert one's thoughts from the war.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S BUSY DAY.

Lord Mayor's Day is one thing. The Lord Mayor's Day is something totally, if not teetotally, different. On Nov. 9 the Lord Mayor is all frills and furbelows, State-coach and parade, and the thousand-and-one other attributes which go to make up his panoply and the picturesqueness which is so fast disappearing from the humdrum rush and turmoil of London life.

On Lord Mayor's Day, the Lord Mayor is a beautiful butterfly. On the Lord Mayor's Day, however, he puts off his beautiful wings and things and becomes merely an everyday working grub, thus reversing the usual order of things in nature.

Yes, the Lord Mayor's Day is totally different from Lord Mayor's Day. What he does on the latter everybody knows, for are not his movements chronicled from early morning—and someone has to perform the May Queen's mother's office, and "wake and call him early"—until late at night, when he is able to seek that repose which he will have earned by his day's labour and his evening's speeches?

Few people, however, have any idea of what the Lord Mayor's Day really is, though most people are under the impression that banquets play a not unimportant part in it. In this respect they are certainly correct, for practically every evening in the week, with the single exception of Sunday, the Lord Mayor has to be present at a banquet somewhere or other. How his digestion manages to stand the constant strain, perhaps only a Lord Mayor knows, though an Alderman may be able to make a very shrewd guess. Perhaps the Lord Mayor follows the example set by the great Duke of Wellington—waits till the pudding comes, and makes a sparing meal on the last course. Be that as it may, at every banquet at which he is present the Lord Mayor has to make two speeches, so that there is a modest computation of six hundred after-dinner speeches to be delivered in the course of his reign at the Mansion House, to say nothing of the scores of other engagements which necessitate his addressing the audience.

The Lord Mayor's Day begins in the ordinary way. What the Lord Mayor eats for breakfast—whether it is the national eggs-and-bacon, the succulent sausage, or only ascetic tea-and-toast—must be left for other scribes to state, after full and proper inquiries. The Lord Mayor's official day begins at ten o'clock, at which hour he has to be ready to receive deputations of citizens who come to him on matters of public business relating to the interests of the City. For this purpose, three-quarters of an hour is always set aside, and at a quarter to eleven his Lordship goes through the various cases which are to be brought to him on the Bench. At eleven o'clock punctually he takes the chair on the Bench, and the business there occupies his attention for from one hour to any time up to five o'clock.

Every reader of the daily newspapers knows how important a part the Mansion House Court plays in the administration of justice in the City, and how frequently cases of the utmost importance have to be dealt with. During the course of the last twelve months, two such cases appeared on the list each of which occupied fourteen days in the hearing.

When the Mansion House Court has risen, there are meetings to attend, here, there, and everywhere—some in the City, some at the West End, sometimes some even in the country, five, six, or more miles away, to all of which the Lord Mayor has to go in State, and at all of which he is expected to make speeches. All of them are convened with the announcement that the Lord Mayor will attend and will speak, and at a large number he has to preside. At these last, in addition to the usual duties of the chair, an opening speech is required. As a matter of fact, from the time the Lord Mayor enters office until the time he gives it up, he is head-over-ears in engagements, which are often—indeed, invariably—so dovetailed into one another that, if one meeting lasts only half-an-hour more than it ought to, or was expected to, another has to be kept waiting. With all these meetings to think of, if the Lord Mayor has half-an-hour's spare time, it is easy to see that it is always more than occupied with the preparations for his speeches for the next day or the day after. Indeed, his mind is constantly on the rack.

After these daily meetings and the evening banquet, it is by no means unusual for the Lord Mayor to have to go—in State, of course—to a ball, and to take a ball-supper, after having a very short time before left the banquet-table. Occasionally he is even compelled to go in State with his Sheriffs to two balls after a banquet. Two ball-suppers after a banquet! Can any man ever be hungry after that?

No analysis of the day's work would be complete without a reference to the frequent changes of costume which these various functions necessitate, for the Lord Mayor may have to dress and undress several times during the day. On the Bench, he sits in his violet gown; and if he has to go to the Old Bailey, he either uses this or else a scarlet dress stuffed with wadding. In the winter, they are uncomfortable, by reason of their weight and length; but in the warm spring and summer, the robes of office become almost like the fabled shirt of Nessus, and, in reality, leave the impression to which one Lord Mayor has given voice, that he "expected in a little while all that would be left of him would be his boots." For receiving members of the Royal Family or distinguished guests, the Lord Mayor has still another costume, of black silk literally covered with gold lace, which makes it exceedingly heavy and uncomfortable, and he consequently wears it as little as he possibly can. Indeed, it is customary, when he takes his place at the banquet-table, for his valet to help him remove this gown, which remains around his chair while he sits more comfortably arrayed in the becoming black-velvet Court-dress suit which he always wears under his robes of State.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

In the midst of the anxiety of the war, beset by the chequered rumours of victory and disaster, the British nation can yet find solace and amusement, and even encouragement, in the utterances of its enemies. The Anglo-Saxon attitude of mind is not always beautiful or noble; the Englishman, however arrogant and unbending he may appear to his Continental critics, is a prey to intermittent qualms of doubt and self-depreciation which are very real, though his unfriendly censors class them as mere hypocrisy. Every fair-minded Briton must own that there is not a little that others can justly take exception to in the past and present actions of our own nation. But this amiable diffidence is scattered at once by the language of French and other assailants of Perfidious Albion. It is not their fault if we assume the tone that the Deity might adopt towards a black-beetle. We are far from divine, but some of the Boulevard and other journalists are not far removed from the cockroach.

If there be, as there very conceivably may be, a serious doubt in the minds of some Englishmen as to the justice of our cause in the present war, they have only to look at our enemies to solve the doubt. The country attacked by Rochefort and Drumont and Millevoys *must* be in the right. These three worthies cannot all be united against anything that is really bad; it is unthinkable. We remember their doings in the Dreyfus Case, and gather courage to go on our way confidently. They are leagued against all the best in France; they incite to civil war, plunder, and injustice: we should be proud of their hostility, for that is the only compliment they can pay anyone.

It is a pity that two talented but wrong-headed literary men, Lemaître and Coppée, should assail us and support the Boers, and it is a sheer calamity that the caustic "Gyp" should join the fervid band that is preparing the ruin of England. What an altogether exquisite bit of fun that delightful satirist could extract from the history of the gallant French volunteers who will start for South Africa—when they have the funds! Or, if the creator of Tartarin were alive, what precious passages of mirth could he draw from "Tartarin in the Transvaal"! Fancy Tartarin travelling with a Maxim, taken to pieces, in his trunk! Picture him looking out from the steamer's deck for the British cruisers waiting perhaps to catch him! Imagine him wrestling with the Portuguese Customs at Lourenço Marques to smuggle in his arms and munitions; then his journey to Pretoria and his interview with "Oom Paul"; his march to the frontier; the "commandeering" of all his possessions, and his final escape to Kimberley, there to share the champagne of the unspeakable Rhodes!

It is not too late for some such work of humour to redeem the horrors of war. That the legion of French students and others now in process of formation will ever get to the Transvaal is more than doubtful. The French Government may stop it; it may stop itself, or be stopped by its creditors. It would be well for France, and no particular risk for England, if a regiment of these untamed spirits went out to South Africa, and did not return. Then the gallant corps of the *Millevoys*, as they might with graceful allusion be called, would be a memory in the French patriotic mind, like that of the *Vengeur* and Cambronne, who surrendered and did not die, and other beautiful bits of national fiction.

A French legion would be an agreeable change from the Boers. Its tactics would be more expected, and its shooting would be more moderate than our own. In fact, its presence would add materially to the comfort of Tommy Atkins as soon as it began fighting. And it would not lack for fighting. President Kruger would not hide his allies under a bushel. He would give them free leave to fight as long as there were any of them left. But that might not be very long.

Only, if a French legion is going to South Africa, it will be necessary—or, at least, wise—for Monsieur Paul Granier to moderate his sardonic humour. That gentleman has been throwing ridicule on the Anglophobe section of his countrymen by suggesting that the Boers should hang their British prisoners if we continued to use Lyddite. Some British readers thought this suggestion real, but that seems impossible. For Lyddite is but Mélinite, the civilising agent first tried on Madagascar by the French. If Granier is serious, he must either be very ignorant or very far from truthful. But more probably this is only his fun, like his practice of calling himself "De Cassagnac," which is not his name.

And possibly, even those terrible Boer privateers will never appear, unless the Admiral of Switzerland organises them. I have hoped for those privateers; I have even written their history—

A Patriot chartered a Bark,  
And sailed with a Letter of Marque;  
But he met on his trip  
With Her Majesty's Ship,  
And his present address is—a Shark.

## LONDON'S SENIOR THEATRICAL MANAGER

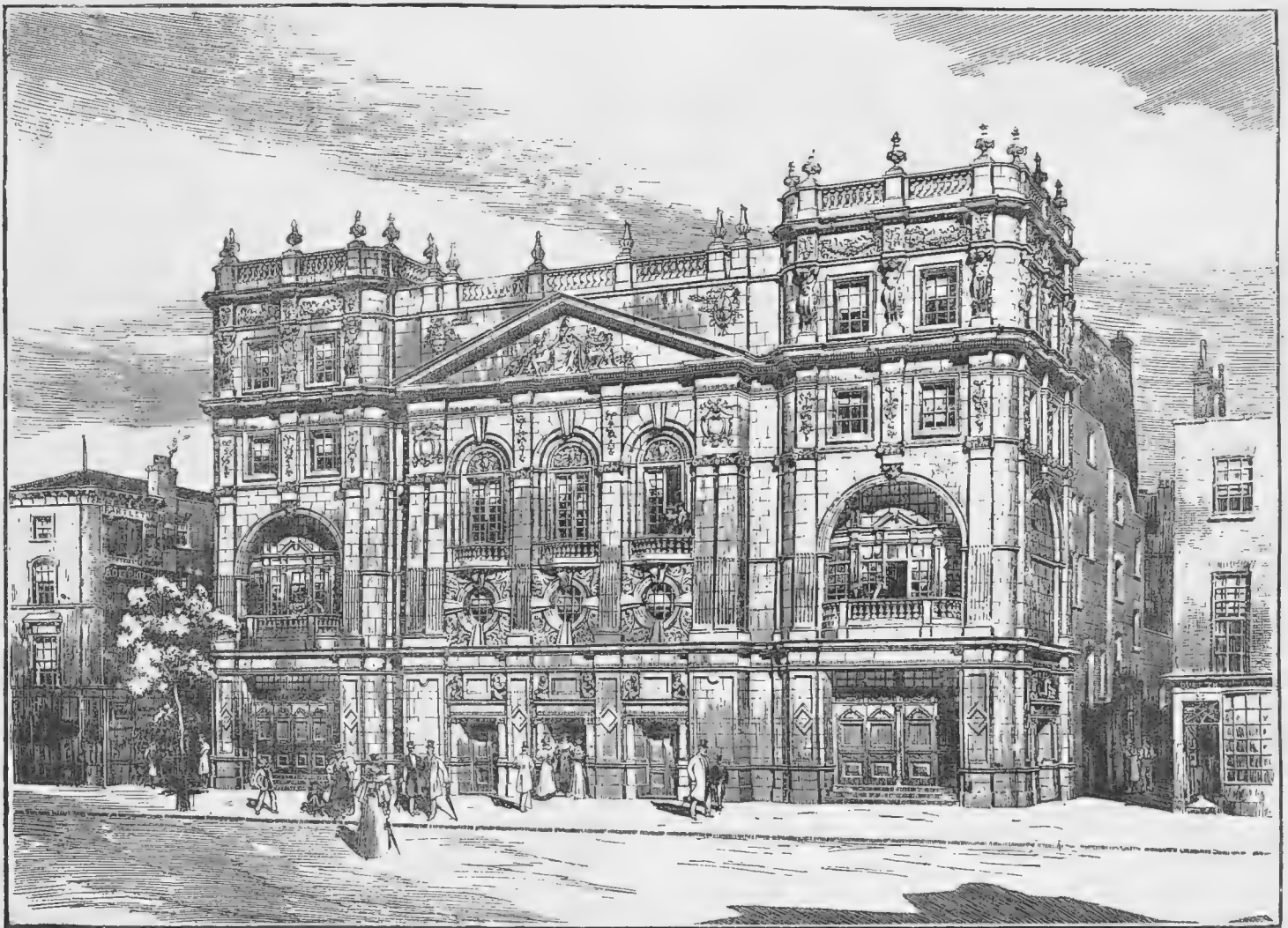
MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

It is, perhaps, because Mr. Charles Wyndham not only looks, but also acts, as though he were only half his age, that many people were, a little while ago, somewhat surprised to find that he was London's senior theatrical manager—yea, even although Sir Henry Irving was then ruling the Lyceum. Yet such was the fact, for while Sir Henry (then Mr.) Irving started his management on his own account at the Lyceum in 1878, after seven years' service under Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, Mr. Wyndham began to essay managerial responsibilities at the Criterion two years earlier. It is also, perhaps, because this ever-cheery and ever-polished actor is still so youthful, after nearly forty years' stage work, that he has elected, like some histrionic managerial lapwing, to build himself another theatrical nest, so to speak, which new and beautiful nest, situate and being in the Charing Cross Road, a few doors from the Garrick, and nearly opposite the new and beautiful entrance to the

Mr. Burnand's brilliant burlesque, "Black-Ey'd Susan," at the Royalty, in 1866.

It was some time after these irresponsible attempts that Charles Wyndham once more manifested a desire to be intensely serious in his profession, and again came out in the sentimental-lover line. This was at the Queen's, in Long Acre, when his examples of this sort of acting were given in such plays as "Dearer than Life," "The Lancashire Lass," &c., with Henry Irving as heavy villain and character-actor; John L. Toole and Lionel Brough as low-comedians; the charming Nellie Moore (who died so young) as the sentimental heroine; and Henrietta Hodson (now Mrs. Labouchere) in the stronger and more varied female characters.

To be strictly candid, Charles Wyndham did not make any mark worth mention in these "intense" parts, and, indeed, he presently flitted from place to place without scoring any definite success. It was not until the early 'seventies that Mr. Wyndham made his first striking triumph, namely, at the Court, in a farcical comedy entitled "Brighton," which had been adapted from an American piece, called "Saratoga," by that polished dramatist, Bronson Howard, who (N.B.) is Mr. Wyndham's



FRONT OF WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, CHARING CROSS ROAD: TO BE OPENED TO-MORROW WITH "DAVID GARRICK."

ARCHITECT: MR. W. G. R. SPRAGUE.

Alhambra, will be opened to-morrow, the 16th inst., under the style and title of Wyndham's Theatre.

Mr. Wyndham's ventures are always among the most important in the theatrical world, but this latest venture of his is so much so that it is surely a time when Mr. Wyndham's many *Sketch* admirers will like to have some account of their favourite's life and adventures. The privilege of relating these has fallen upon one who can claim not only to be a friend of this immensely popular player, but also to have closely scrutinised him with a feeling of keen interest from the beginning of his stage career.

Those who have known Wyndham only during his twenty-three years' tenancy of the Criterion would doubtless feel some surprise, in more senses than one, on being told, firstly, that he started stage-life as a very serious actor, under his present stage-name and the management of Mrs. John Wood, in New York; and that his young ambition was rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the American Civil War in 1861. Secondly, that, after very serious work indeed, including many gallant and noble services as an Army surgeon through the four years of that terrible conflict, young Wyndham, returning to England, suddenly developed a passion for burlesque! One of his most important essays in this kind was the playing of Raker, "the I-Deal smuggler," in

brother-in-law. Mr. Wyndham's impersonation of the volatile and continuously betrothed Bob Sackett in this piece at once brought him to the front rank of light-comedians.

After a successful time at the Court and elsewhere, he migrated to the Criterion, which had, not long before, been opened by poor Henry J. Byron with an unsuccessful play of his, entitled "An American Lady," with Wyndham's first manageress in the name-part. Soon after acting here, Mr. Wyndham took the theatre over from the proprietors, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and anon started that mostly successful series of farcical comedies which presently became known by the name of the house.

It will be remembered that in those days—when such undoubtedly strong fare as "The Gay Lord Quex," "The Degenerates," and even Ibsen and Co., was as yet unknown—there were some who looked askance at certain of these productions of Wyndham's as being of a tint extremely azure, if not ultramarine. Among these "suspected" specimens were "Pink Dominoes," adapted by the late James Albery (husband of the ever-charming Miss Mary Moore); "Betsy," as adapted by Mr. Burnand; "Truth," by the aforesaid Bronson Howard; and "The Great Divorce Case," adapted by the late Arthur Mathison. Perhaps the cleanest of the adapted group were "Fourteen Days," for

which Henry J. Byron (who never wrote an unclean play in his life) was responsible; and "The Candidate," which was adapted "by several hands," as the old poetry-book used to say. But, of course, nowadays, such pieces as "The Pink Dominoes" have (on revival) proved to be comparatively innocuous compared with later specimens.

In due course, as many know, Mr. Wyndham sought occasion to select dramatic works of greater solidity as well as respectability, and from his favourite play, "David Garrick" (the late Tom Robertson's version), and "Still Waters Run Deep," down to "Rosemary," "The Bauble Shop," "The Physician," and "The Tyranny of Tears." Mr. Wyndham has made many a splendid success. He reverted again to something of the old Criterion lightness—not to say "riskiness"—in such plays as "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Liars." Mr. Wyndham's most serious dramatic venture was undoubtedly Messrs. Louis Napoleon Parker and Murray Carson's play, "The Jest." In this, Criterion-goers not only found a blank-verse tragedy forsooth, but even had to suffer seeing the best light-comedian of our day going about in solemn mood, and subsequently perishing by the dagger of a mad poet! No wonder that many, like myself, soon after "The Jest" started o' nights, fidgettily began to look around and wonder whether we had not come into the wrong playhouse by mistake—just as (*per contra*), a week or two ago, many about to enter the London Pavilion, and hearing an organ being played upon that hitherto not overwhelmingly classic stage, began to think they had accidentally strolled into the church just opposite the stage-door.

Although Mr. Charles Wyndham has forsaken his long-beloved Criterion to act in the new and magnificent theatre (with roof-garden) which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague has designed for him, he still, I find, retains his hold upon the former house, and, indeed, is running it in connection with Mr. Charles Frohman, under an arrangement by virtue of which the first-named Charles can, at certain notice, return *à terro* should he so desire. Mr. Wyndham leaves his long-trusted and ever-loyal business-manager, Mr. Edward Harvey, still in charge at the Criterion, and has selected, as business-manager for his new histrionic home, Mr. Alex. F. Henderson, lessee of the Grand Theatre, Fulham, and son of the late Alexander Henderson, a former partner of Mr. Wyndham's, and at one time a many-theatred manager himself.

As was stated in *The Sketch* long ago, Mr. Wyndham will open his new theatre with the aforesaid favourite play of his, "David Garrick" to wit, with himself in the name-part, and the winsome Miss Mary Moore again as Ada Ingot. The Squire Chivy will be Mr. Arthur Bouchier, a wise choice. Mr. Wyndham tells me that his next pieces at his new theatre will be Mr. Haddon Chambers's charming play, "The Tyranny of Tears" (withdrawn in the height of its success at the Criterion), and "The Jest," that was really at first intended for use at the new house. These four plays and another projected revival or two will doubtless carry this plucky and indefatigable actor-manager well on to the time when he will present a new play, either by Mr. Chambers or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, both of whom have done such excellent work for him. In conclusion, we of *The Sketch* have only to wish success to Wyndham's Theatre, which, of course, means success to Wyndham himself and to all concerned!

II. CHANCE NEWTON.

## LONDON'S SECOND SEASON: TROTTING ROUND.

When my friend Thompson cabled to me that he had promised his American friend, Mr. George C. Bellamy, the Chicago millionaire, and his family that I would "trot 'em round the old show," I cursed Thompson with curses loud and long.

When I came down the steps of the Hôtel Métropole a week later, after my first interview with Mr. George C. Bellamy and his family, had I met Thompson I would have stood him a drink.

When, yesterday morning, Miss Bellamy told me she was sure "I would do better than Cook," had Thompson met me I would have lent him a five-pound-note. Further than that, gratitude cannot go, so I went on pointing out the merits of my victoria and pair to Miss Bellamy.

"Me go in that gazoo!" said she, wrinkling her dainty nose; "not me muchee. That'll just fix Mommer and Kate. I came to London to see London, not to drive around in a hearse-and-two. I am shod for a ten-mile walk, and, when I'm used up, I'll take a garden-seat on the top of a two-cent 'bus. Here, Mommer and Kate, you get right in there. And, Popper, you come right along with me."

While Miss Bellamy installed her superfluous family in my despised victoria, I made a mental calculation as to how long that foot which inhabited such a dainty little shoe would take to cover ten miles. I was in the act of offering up a prayer to Heaven that it might take long—very long—when the carriage drove off, and Miss Bellamy turned to me.

"Now I've fixed Mommer," said she, with a sigh of relief, "and now you can fix me. Popper!" Mr. George C. Bellamy took up his millionaire hat, and the pair of us followed Miss Bellamy into the street.

"Northumberland Avenue," murmured Miss Bellamy. "Takes its name from Northumberland House, which formerly stood here. To the right, the Thames and the Avenue Theatre. To the left, the West End and Trafalgar Square. Popper, we go to the left."

Miss Bellamy sparkled her eyes up at me under her sailor-hat. "I know nothing, and I've seen nothing. I want to know everything, and I want to see everything. I rely entirely on you."

"That's so," said Mr. George C. Bellamy.

I smiled a sickly smile at the Chicago millionaire. In another moment we had crossed the street and stood in Trafalgar Square.

"This," I said with a lordly wave of my hand, "is Trafalgar Square."

"The finest site in Europe," said Miss Bellamy briskly. "On the far side the National Gallery. Left-hand top corner, College of Physicians; right-hand side, St. Martin's Church; Nelson's Column in the middle, tastefully decorated with salad and things on Trafalgar Day. General Havelock, Sir C. J. Napier, and General Gordon gracefully mixed up among the fountains, which play greenish water at the ratepayers' expense. The proportions of the column are those of the Corinthian Temple of Mars Ultor, at Rome; erected in 1840, and 145 feet high. Capital made of bronze from cannon captured by Nelson. The four lions by Sir Edwin Landseer, bronze ditto, ditto." She paused, and smiled sweetly up at me. "Now, tell me everything about Trafalgar Square."

I looked hopelessly at Nelson's Monument, and wished that it was midnight, that the old superstition might fulfil itself and the lions begin to roar.

"This—er—this—er," I said feebly, "this is Trafalgar Square."

"That's so," responded Popper cheerfully.

There was a pause—a dead pause, a long pause, a pause as heavy as the beastly lions' which stared me in the face.

"I guess we've about seen Trafalgar Square," said Miss Bellamy drily. "Popper, I'm about used up. I reckon we'll take a 'bus."

As I ascended after Miss Bellamy, I remembered the legend of the luncheon-party at the top of Nelson's Monument when the column was completed, and the finding of the historic chicken-bone three years ago at the top. Too late! Miss Bellamy was engrossed in Charing Cross.

"Decorated Gothic; thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; near the spot where Edward I. erected a cross to Eleanor, his wife, as he did on every spot where her corpse rested on its way from Grantham to Westminster Abbey. How romantic!" sighed Miss Bellamy. "And he was a King, too!"

"The cross has worn well," said Popper, putting on his pince-nez.

"Original cross, wood; second cross designed by Cavallini; demolished in 1647 by order of the Long Parliament," said Miss Bellamy colloquially. "Present cross cost £1800, and is seventy feet high."

"Don't look it," murmured Popper.

Miss Bellamy turned to me. "I'd like to know something about Charing Cross."

"Those are pigeons," I said feebly.

"That's so," said Popper cordially.

The 'bus moved on. Past the Lowther Arcade, past the Adelaide Gallery, past the Adelphi Theatre—"Where they act melodrama," said Miss Bellamy.

"That's where they act Tragedy, Miss," said the 'bus-driver. "That's where the handsomest man on the English stage, poor Bill Terriss, was stuck in the back by a madman's knife nigh on two years ago."

"Oh!" said Miss Bellamy breathlessly. "Tell!"

As I explained at great length to Popper that Exeter Hall was the headquarters of Christianity, and that the May Meetings were attended by clergy from all over the world, and that the Great Hall can seat four thousand and odd people, Miss Bellamy talked to the 'bus-driver, and I wished that, by Act of Parliament, all 'bus-drivers were dumb.

At that moment Miss Bellamy turned her head. "Eyes right, Popper. Simpson's Restaurant, where all the great chess-players meet. Upstairs the Knights' Club, biggest round table made of a single piece of mahogany in the world."

"Wonderful joints at Simpson's!" I said effusively.

"I despise food," said Miss Bellamy.

The 'bus stopped.

"Wellington Street," I volunteered proudly. "To the right, Waterloo Bridge. To the left, the Lyceum Theatre, for five-and-twenty years the home of Henry Irving."

"And now his lodging-house," said Miss Bellamy pertly. "Limited Liability Company, Popper, and the 'Chief' plays three months in the year."

I pensively wondered if there was anything on earth or in London Miss Bellamy did not know. "And that," said Miss Bellamy briskly, "is the Gaiety over the way, where all the London Johnnies go."

The 'bus moved on, and stopped opposite Somerset House. "Audit and Exchequer, Inland Revenue, Wills and Probates, and the Registrar-General's Offices," murmured Miss Bellamy. "Handsome front on the other side, overlooking the Thames, 155 feet long, 3600 windows."

"Purty big bill to clean 'em," said Popper.

"There's no need to clean windows in London," I said ironically.

"Make a note of that, Popper." Miss Bellamy waved her daintily gloved hand. "St. Mary-le-Strand Church on the left. King's College on the right—one of the pioneers in the higher education of women! Stop, driver!" Miss Bellamy jumped up. "I want to get off right here. I want to see the Roman Bath. No! Great Scott! Go on. I forgot—it's Wednesday, and the Bath is only open without special permission on Saturday forenoon." Miss Bellamy sat down again. "My! There's *The Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*!" as the 'bus swerved round to the left by the Church of St. Clement Danes. "MY! You must stop, driver, after all; there's a pew in there where Dr. Johnson sat." Miss Bellamy threw the driver a brilliant smile whose after-glow irradiated even me, so that, almost gaily, I followed the little feet down the steps and went after her, out of the noisy Strand into the silent church.



DAVID GARRICK'S ENTRANCE.



HE FEIGNS DRUNKENNESS.



BUT PLEADS WITH ADA INGOT,



AND GAINS HER FORGIVENESS.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AND MISS MARY MOORE IN "DAVID GARRICK."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.



MISS MARY MOORE,

WHO TO-MORROW NIGHT RESUMES HER FAVOURITE PART OF ADA INGOT AT THE OPENING OF WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,  
WHO OPENS HIS GRAND NEW THEATRE TO-MORROW NIGHT WITH "DAVID GARRICK," PLAYING HIMSELF IN THE TITLE-PART.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

[Announced by Professor Falb, of Austria, for Monday last. This article was written, in case of accidents, before the fatal day.—Ed.]

The world is coming to an end. Of that there is no doubt,—“No possible, probable manner of doubt, no manner of doubt whatever,” as Mr. Gilbert has sung.

Unhappily for the good people who make these direful prognostications, they have been wrong time and again. If they had not been so

mistaken, there would have been no necessity for these latter-day prophecies, one of which declares that in the course of next month the earth and its inhabitants will go the way of all flesh. Happily, however, even for the most fearful of humanity, there are excellent precedents for disbelieving these dreadful forebodings, in spite of the fact that they are made by an eminent meteorologist.

Professor Falb, of Austria, is the modern prophet of doom, and he has fixed on the fatal number thirteen—the 13th of November—as the date when a comet will strike the earth and we shall all be

W. H. M. CHRISTIE, M.A., F.R.S., ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.

Presumably he did not know that the world was coming to an end through a comet-shock last Monday!

“knocked sky-high,” to use a one-time popular slang American expression, which in this case is literally true.

Against Professor Falb's statement, the timid may be emboldened by the calculation of other scientists, not less eminent, that the chance of the earth being destroyed in this way is one out of fifteen million, and those are odds which are worth considering in this connection, if they would not be on the racecourse. The historic Lombard Street to a China orange is perhaps the nearest equivalent, and we may all of us take heart of grace, for the Dreyfus Case has not brought about the conditions foretold in the Book of Revelation as those which shall precede the end of the world, nor does the state of Europe betoken the immediate plunge into the war which is to anticipate the coming to an end of everything.

That there will be a celestial display which may give the nervous shocks on the night of Nov. 13 is exceedingly likely, for it will be the occasion of the great shower of the Leonids which takes place every thirty-three years, but there is no more reason for supposing that these heavenly fireworks will be accompanied with destruction any more than was the case in 1866 or in 1833.

It was only a few short weeks ago that the good people of Winton, just outside Bournemouth, passed through a period of needless alarm because they believed that the Millennium was about to begin and the earth about to end on a certain day. This information was said to be derived from the Christadelphians, one of whom had seen what he described as “a red star in the heavens,” whereupon the members of that sect prepared to close up their business, balance their books, and start with all convenient speed to Jerusalem, in order, presumably, that they might embark for Kingdom Come from the Holy Land. How that would benefit them the ordinary mortal who does not wear Christadelphian spectacles fails to see.

Whether it was true or not—for Rumour is painted full of tongues, and my Lady Gossip is a lying jade—it was whispered that one of the Christadelphians bought a new suit (why a new suit?) and set out on a black horse; while a tradesman was so lost to the amenities of trade that he refused to execute a family's order for dinner for a certain Sunday, because, forsooth, he opined they would not be there to eat it.

Last year, indeed, about this time, consternation ran riot in the heart and brain of many a nervous woman—and man too, for that matter—on the announcement that we were then to be knocked into smithereens by the annual meteoric fall in November, and take our departure to that bourne from which, as Hamlet said on a memorable occasion, no return-tickets are issued.

But, alas and alack and well-a-day, there was not even anything remotely approaching a display visible to startle the eyes and flutter the hearts of even the most timid, many of whom are living to-day in as great a state of dread over the coming November as they were then.

Perhaps the most dreaded year in modern times was the one which Mother Shipton of lamented memory singled out in her famous prophecy, written in infamous rhyme, which ran—

The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one came, and eighteen hundred and eighty-one went, but the world still remains—a remark which perhaps, under existing circumstances, is a somewhat superfluous one. But, if superfluous remarks were not made, what would become of conversation, books, magazines, periodicals, and newspapers of all sorts, which thrive and live and batten on the superfluities of life?

Undaunted by the fate of Mother Shipton, a Mr. Baxter created something of a sensation by his prediction of 1887 as the year which should administer the *coup-de-grâce* to this planet. Thousands and tens of thousands of people in England gave ear to his words, as thousands and tens of thousands of people the world over hearken to the local prophets who achieve a local distinction, which ought to be a local execration followed by the ducking-stool—revived especially for their edification—or a term of imprisonment for false pretences.

As positive and as mistaken as Mr. Baxter was in England was the Abbé Dupin in France, who set the day of the universal cataclysm between Sept. 19 and 21, 1896. With a perspicacity, however, worthy of a better cause, he decided to give himself a good margin, for he took care to add that, if his prophecy was not fulfilled on those days, it would be some time between then and the end of this year. A margin of three years and a-quarter is not so bad for a modern prophet, eh?

What will he say when we usher in the birth of 1900 amid the striking of clocks, the ringing of bells, the shaking of hands, and general good wishes for a happy New Year? Perhaps some very enterprising reporter will find out from the Abbé Dupin and tell a happily disappointed world.

The fearful of to-day will learn with interest that their forbears, three centuries and a-quarter ago, were in much the same “blue funk” as that which distinguishes them now, in consequence of the prophecy of a Mr. John Stoffer, a German. He predicted that, “owing to the conjunction of several planets in a watery sign,” the deluge would be repeated, “for this occasion only.” This statement drove one worthy man to emulate Noah, by constructing a boat on something of the same principles as the Ark, which he got ready against the coming of that very literal rainy day, while thousands of people betook themselves to the mountains, so that, even if the rainy day came, it would be a long time before they were drowned, and they would remain a little longer on the planet they loved so well in spite of the colds and coughs they would be sure to have caught in their inclement temporary abode. Unhappily for Mr. Stoffer and those who believed in him, “the conjunction of several planets in a watery sign” brought about something perilously akin to a drought.

And so we go on. Were it necessary, a book might be written about the end of the world which has never come. How many more opportunities people will have for crying “Wolf!” from the house-tops between now and the twenty-fifth century, when a celebrated astronomer believes the earth will come into collision with a comet, like two trains rushing headlong on each other, is a speculation which it were vain to make.

At all events, whether it happens or whether it does not will make no difference to us, for we shall none of us be there to see, and what the eye does not see the heart need not grieve at.

## A BLOODTHIRSTY BOER.

Mrs. Sarah Heckford, who spent more than three years in the Transvaal as a “Lady Trader,” is of opinion that the Boers are in many ways cunning, the vast majority of them are dull, and the large majority of the Boeresses bear a stamp of depression, although in the elder women this stamp is effaced somewhat by a tendency to fat. Cheerful women amongst the Boers she found an exception, while they were curious and prying, and one aged person asked her why she was trading when she had so much money in the bank. A little while before, Mrs. Heckford had telegraphed from Pretoria to London to ascertain how her bank-balance then stood, and the information had evidently become public property.

Near Pretoria she had met a farmer named Joubert. Whether the famous Joubert we now know or not is not clear. He was a big, bony, black-haired man, with a stubbly beard, high jaw-bones, and eager eyes. He eagerly asked Mrs. Heckford for the news from Pretoria. When he heard how things were going, he asked, “Will your Government give up the public offices, think you?” Mrs. Heckford replied that she was not in the Government's confidence, but she did not think they would. Then he said savagely, “The streets of Pretoria shall run with blood like water on Thursday.” He cried Heaven to witness that the blood spilt would cry vengeance on the English, and as he said so his whole frame quivered with passion. As he laid his hand on the neck of Mrs. Heckford's horse, she says there was a look on his face she had never seen before—a bloodthirsty look which made her involuntarily shiver.

“Then you don't think they will give us the country back,” he continued. “Then we will fight; we will drive you from the country; not one of your nation shall remain alive. Your blood shall run as water on Thursday; we will kill all—all of you! Where are your troops?”

Mrs. Heckford replied that he was greatly mistaken. Then the blood rushed to his head, suffusing his eyes until they looked red. “Now I know you lie,” he said. “There is your path. Begone!”

Mrs. Heckford managed to get him to cool down by telling him that she was not the Government, and had a civil good-bye from him in the end. Mrs. Heckford relates this and her other experiences with Boers and Kaffirs in her “Lady Trader in the Transvaal,” which was issued by Sampson Low in 1882.

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rejoin his regiment; he ranks only as a private, thus receiving 1s. 3d. per day. No half-pay is accorded to the wife in this instance; the man cannot do much for her out of his military pay. The War Office "separation" allowance is small, and very obviously the home cannot be retained, so the house has had to be given up, the furniture stored, and the wife has taken a situation as a servant. It cannot be denied that this couple are making a very great sacrifice for their country, and scores of similar instances could be quoted.

For the wives of those who will never return, the deepest commiseration must be felt; half-an-hour spent at Winchester House, where a list of casualties is posted, and a little conversation with the anxious inquirers, would almost move a stoic. The stony despair or grief that will not be repressed is heart-rending; some have found the loved one's name amongst the "killed," others are shown as "wounded," which latter may mean permanent disablement.

At such a time the country cannot too generously respond through the Mansion House Patriotic Fund to the undoubted claim Mrs. Atkins and family have on its exchequer.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.



COMFORTING MOTHER: THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OUT IN SOUTH AFRICA. PHOTOGRAPHED AT ALDERSHOT.

## ACTORS' SALARIES.

Thanks to a squabble over the administration, the accounts have just been published of the French Government Theatre, the Comédie Française, and they show what is being earned by the most celebrated body of actors in the world. It appears that the twenty-eight actors and actresses who compose the society divide between themselves annually as net profits a million of francs. This money does not go in largest part to two or three "stars," but is divided democratically, being graded, except for incidental modifications, according to length of service. The newest members drew last year some 13,000 francs, and the oldest some 72,000 francs. More than this, after retiring, at the end of twenty years, every member is entitled to draw an annual life-pension of 5000 francs. The Comédie has paid out in the last thirteen years some three million francs in such pensions. The oldest member of the Comédie to-day is Mounet-Sully, who is at the same time the greatest tragedian in France. Some of our "stars"

may think 72,000 francs meagre earnings for a great actor. But it is to be considered that the income is assured, that there are no expenses to meet, and that the artist has all his leisure to develop his art.



DESERTED ALDERSHOT!

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. S. WARREN, LEYTONSTONE.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## GEORGIANA'S RETURN.

BY HER UNCLE.

At the end of the summer holidays I was rash enough to undertake the task of escorting Georgiana back to school. My father might, perhaps, have been expected to welcome her departure and the chance of a month or two's peace and quietness, but he looked inexpressibly disconsolate as he stood by the gate, with one of Georgie's retriever-puppies under each arm. They were certainly as good substitutes as could have been provided for the mischief of their mistress. Georgie, too, was somewhat affected, whether at leaving the puppies or my father I was a little doubtful, till she remarked, after a pause—

"I wish, now, that I hadn't put my medicine in grandpapa's claret."

"Done what?" I asked.

"Put my medicine in the claret-jug," Georgiana answered. "He might have believed that I was ill, though!"

"You have lengthened your holidays twice already by pretending to be ill," I suggested, "and you can scarcely expect to be successful a third time."

"But he needn't have persuaded the doctor to make such nasty medicine, if I wasn't ill. I'm sure someone persuaded him, because he laughed about it," Georgie answered. "What's the good of taking medicine when there's nothing the matter with you?"

"You see what comes of deception," I observed.

"So will grandpapa, when he tries to drink the claret," she answered, brightening up.

We drove on in silence for some time, till I was roused by incoherent exclamations from a bicyclist, and discovered that Georgiana was in possession of a pea-shooter. This I confiscated, in spite of Georgiana's protest that she had no catapult, and that a comfortable journey was impossible without either a catapult or a pea-shooter. However, I declined to argue the point, and we reached the station without any further catastrophe.

"I always have some fun in the railway," Georgiana remarked as she settled herself in the corner of the railway-carriage.

"For mercy's sake," I pleaded, "do restrain yourself to-day!"

"I don't feel like restraining myself," she answered sweetly.

"You've taken away my pea-shooter, and I don't want to go back to school; but never mind, Uncle Richard. I don't see anything to do just at present."

"Thank Heaven!" I said, and relapsed into a newspaper.

At the next station an old gentleman of benevolent aspect got into the carriage. He looked at Georgiana in a kindly and admiring way, but she, after the first glance at him, only continued to gaze out of the window with a melancholy expression.

I left the carriage at our next stoppage, to buy some magazines for myself and some chocolate for Georgie, and when I returned the train was just starting. To my astonishment, Georgiana had her handkerchief to her eyes, and the old gentleman appeared apoplectically angry.

"What in the world is the matter?" I inquired as the train moved off.

"Your step-daughter has been talking to me," the old gentleman said severely.

"My step-daughter?" I answered in amazement.

"Yes, your poor, unhappy little step-daughter," he replied, eyeing me with indignation.

"Georgiana!" I said, turning to her.

"You ought to be prosecuted," he said bluntly.

"What in the name of mischief have you been doing, Georgiana?" I asked helplessly.

"Don't beat me, father!" she sobbed.

"How dare you—?" I began.

"Don't you attempt to bully her in my presence," the old gentleman interrupted. "You ought to be prosecuted, and I intend to communicate with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

"But you don't understand—," I protested.

"I do understand!" he answered wrathfully. "I'm old enough to know what a brute a man can be; and a man who can beat and starve a tender little child is a brute, nothing more nor less."

"I never ill-treated her in my life," I explained. "The only fault that I can accuse myself of is that I've spoiled her."

"You are a contemptible coward!" he answered. "You are a disgrace to the country!"

"Oh, very well," I replied. "If you choose to make an idiot of yourself, you may do so."

"I certainly shouldn't ask your permission," he retorted. "You mark my words, sir; before a week is over, you'll be in the evening papers."

I remained wrathfully silent, and left the old gentleman to fume and mutter. He glared at me, and looked with pity at Georgiana, who continued to sob, except for an occasional wink over her handkerchief at me. After about ten minutes, the train began to slow down, and the old gentleman started off again.

"I'm getting out at the next station."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said.

"Don't leave me with him! Oh, don't!" Georgiana exclaimed.

"You needn't be afraid, my dear," he said. "You shall come home with me and stay with my daughters for a few days."

Georgiana fell on her knees and kissed his hands ecstatically.

"There, there!" he said comfortingly, patting her face.

"Look here," I said; "once for all, I warn you that you're the victim of a practical joke, and I will not have my niece prevented from going back to school."

"Oh, she's going back to school, is she?" he answered. "We hadn't heard that before. For a man of your character, you're a very unskilful liar. Come along, my dear."

"Georgiana!" I exclaimed, as she prepared to follow him, "I forbid you to go. Think of your grandfather."

"Think of your grandmother!" the old gentleman said, and left the carriage with Georgiana.

There was nothing left for me but to get out too. It was impossible to leave Georgiana with a stranger whose name and residence I did not know. She walked off calmly, with a hand on his arm, and they went up to a carriage containing an elderly lady. The old gentleman apparently explained the situation, for she kissed Georgiana and took her into the carriage. Then he sighted me and walked stiffly back.

"That, sir," he said, "is my card. If you propose to take any legal steps, I shall be only too happy to expose you. If you attempt to molest that unhappy child while she is in my charge, I shall have you kicked off the premises—very soundly kicked!"

I sat down and mopped my heated brow. For the time I had not the least idea what to do. I could not remember anyone within miles who would vouch for my identity, and the train was the last train that day. Luckily, I had a bag with me, and I went in search of the nearest hotel. There I made inquiries about the old gentleman, whose name appeared to be Oakhurst, and discovered that he was the squire of the place. Eventually, after some consideration, I decided to telegraph for my father. In about an hour I received a reply inquiring anxiously whether anything had happened to Georgiana. I merely informed him that Georgiana was quite well, and, after sending another telegram to my housekeeper, I endured a bad dinner and a miserable evening in a country hotel.

My father arrived by an early train next day. I explained Georgiana's pleasantries with some vigour, and he looked grave.

"Georgie is at times inconsiderate," he observed.

"Inconsiderate!" I said. "She ought to be hanged."

"Remember, Richard," he answered, "she is a girl of very high spirits, and she has not the advantage of a mother's care. We must go and reclaim our little lamb."

We went off to Mr. Oakhurst's in search of the "little lamb," and, on reaching our destination, found the old gentleman in a state of considerable agitation. He started by remarking in a truculent tone that my cruelty had driven the poor child to this. "This" appeared to be a pencil scrawl from Georgiana, asserting that she had run away because her step-father would track her down and beat her, and we learnt that she had vanished mysteriously before breakfast and had not since been seen. My father, who is usually the most courteous of men, evidently considered the old gentleman responsible for this new development, and it was with considerable heat that he finally convinced Mr. Oakhurst of the truth. At first, the latter refused to believe it, and, when he finally admitted it, declared that Georgiana was a wicked little girl and ought to be in a reformatory. My father retorted that she was as good as gold, when not abducted by officious strangers, and left the house in a demented condition. He wished at once to communicate with the police and furnish them with a description of Georgiana. I suggested that we should first make inquiries at the railway station, and there we were informed that the "little lamb" had taken an early train to London. Visions of Georgiana alone in town rose before my father's agonised mind, and it was with the utmost thankfulness that I found a telegram at the hotel from my housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts, informing me of Georgiana's arrival at my house in town.

There I found her, sitting in my arm-chair, with my slippers on, and a peaceful smile on her face.

"I hope," she said, as I entered in wrathful silence, "this will be a lesson to you, Uncle Richard."

"I am very angry with you, Georgiana!" I answered.

"A lesson never again to take away a little girl's pea-shooter," she added.

"If you only knew what an awful time we've had, even you would be ashamed of yourself!" I said.

"I only know what a good time I've had," Georgiana replied sweetly. "Mrs. Roberts and I have been to Madame Tussaud's. And I've got tickets for you and me for the theatre to-night."

"You'll go straight to bed instead," I said.

"That would be a great pity," she answered, "because I borrowed the money for the tickets from Mrs. Roberts, and you'll have to pay her; and if we don't go, the money will be wasted."

I refused to be mollified for quite half-an-hour. Even the intervention of Mrs. Roberts, and her assertion that she had laughed till she cried when the dear little soul told her, did not move me. Such a clever little girl she was, Mrs. Roberts thought, and only required a little management. Well, well—I am afraid she will not get it till her parents come back from India. After dinner, I took her to the theatre.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

Miss Grace Jean Crocker, a very graceful and attractive young American girl, is an accomplished exponent of the methods of physical culture as expounded by the famous Delsarte. Miss Crocker has already given clever and popular recitals here, and so important is her work that it has roused the interest of many leading people, amongst them Signor Randegger, and ere long Madame Randegger will give an address on



MISS GRACE JEAN CROCKER.

"Posing," at the Royal Academy of Music, which will be illustrated by Miss Crocker's forty-two gestures, demonstrating the most important emotions. Violent exercise and gymnastics are not suited to all women, nor do they impart grace of movement or beauty of form. The Delsartian system teaches people to relax and not to unnecessarily exert their muscles, advocating repose and rest as the great need of to-day. Grace of motion holds and fascinates, for it is Nature in her most beautiful lines and curves, and the cultivation of a pleasing physique will enable us to "grow old gracefully," an accomplishment all too seldom mastered. To learn to breathe properly is a matter of health, and conducive to pleasant tones in the voice; and ease and elegance of delivery or movement at once gain the speaker a hearing, whether in public or private; for what a pleasure it is to see a good carriage and the arms and hands used with grace! All this is demonstrated by Miss Crocker, on the lines laid down by the famous Frenchman, and in her teachings and lectures she has had the greatest success all over the United States, for she has lived many years in America, and is a Bachelor of Oratory at the New England College of Oratory, in Boston, though she is really an Englishwoman, and it was her love for the Old Country that has brought her amongst us now.

In accordance with the spirit of the moment, the British drama, like the British music-hall "sketch," is taking quite a warlike turn. Just as *Sketch* was going to press, Mr. Isaac Cohen "got home first," as the saying is, by the production of a Transvaal drama at the Pavilion Theatre in the Mile End Road, a theatre which, from the lavish nature of its theatrical displays, has for some time been known as "the Drury Lane of the East." This new drama is stirring and National Anthemly entitled "Send Her Victorious!" and is the work of that mostly daring melodramatist, Mr. Sutton Vane, who, apart from his long stage-experience, has had a long and intimate acquaintance with South Africa and its manners and customs, especially in and around the diamond-fields. In certain respects, "Send Her Victorious!" bears some resemblance to a similar play by the same author, a drama named, if I remember rightly, "For England!" or something like that, and produced a good many years ago. But that is a matter of no great moment to present-day melodrama consumers. Further, it sufficeth that "Send Her Victorious!" is full of exciting and up-to-date situations, mostly martial, and plus encampment scenes and battle episodes, armoured-train fights, and other (alas!) common objects of our latest war-fields; also that the new Pavilion play is, as is usual at this vast Oriental playhouse, very powerfully cast.

Two other war-plays are threatened for next Monday. One is by Mr. Arthur Shirley, and is in rehearsal at the Princess's, in Oxford Street, W. The other is by Mr. W. J. Mackay, and is being prepared for production at the Britannia, which is in Hoxton Street, N.; really close on the borders of E. Strangely enough, both these war-dramas are (at the moment of writing) called "Sons of the Empire."

Mr. Shirley's title was only recently announced, but Mr. Mackay's title really formed the sub-title of a shorter version of his play—a "sketch," in point of fact—played at Sadler's Wells Theatre as far back as last spring-tide. Whatever decision the rival claimants to this play-name may yet arrive at, it is, at all events, grateful and comforting to know that each play—like the hereinbefore-mentioned example of Mr. Sutton Vane's—has its very own Armoured Train. For this relief, much thanks.

Among other martial melodramas looming in the more or less near future, I may perhaps be excused for mentioning one entitled "The War Drum" (made in England), and one called "A Battle-Scarred Hero" (just made in America).

We are, I learn, also to expect to see presently imported here from America an adaptation of George Eliot's story, "Adam Bede," which story has lately been running, under a somewhat different name, in a certain religious weekly. There have been dramatisations of "Adam Bede" in England ere now, notably one prepared by the late skilful young actor-author, Mr. W. Howell-Poole, and produced at the Holborn Theatre in the early 'eighties, prior to being sent on tour. Considering the difficulties of dramatising such a work, poor Howell-Poole made a very good drama out of this story.

Those who do not mind going in for playgoing on Sunday nights (and, happily, a good many still *do* mind, and are likely to continue so) will find that, thanks to the efforts of the latest Play-producing Association, Limited—the Stage Society, to wit—they can presently have scope for exercising their Sabbath-play sampling. These opportunities will commence next Sunday at 8 p.m., when the new Society will have the honour of presenting a comedy written by the brilliant, but often bewildering, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and entitled "You Never Can Tell." This will be followed, at monthly intervals, by "Master" Ibsen's comedy, "The League of Youth," and a said-to-be "domestic drama" written by Sydney Olivier, and entitled "Mrs. Maxwell's Marriage."

By the way, was not Mr. Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell," the one that he "expressly" wrote for the Haymarket Theatre, and afterwards withdrew from the managers thereof, namely, Messrs. Harrison and Maude? As Mr. Chevalier says in his "Curate!" song, "I think so! Ye—es! I believe so!"

Miss Maude Danks as Antonia in "A Greek Slave" is a decided success. She possesses a charming personality, and has a good voice. By kind permission of Mr. George Edwardes, Miss Danks gives early in January at Beekenhams a grand evening concert in aid of the Children's Home there. H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has once more generously given Miss Danks her immediate patronage for the concert.

As Mr. Martin Harvey and his excellent company, now touring with "The Only Way," will next Monday make their London appearance in this stirring drama at the Grand Theatre, Islington, it might perhaps be



MISS MAUDE DANKS, WHO PLAYS ANTONIA IN "A GREEK SLAVE," ON TOUR.

fitting to point out that a new four-scene music-hall sketch, based upon Dickens's fine story, "A Tale of Two Cities," and entitled "A Noble Deed," has just been successfully produced at the Oxford, with Mr. Bransby Williams playing powerfully as Sydney Carton; also that in New York some person of more or less exquisite taste has just written and caused to be produced there a travesty of this moving and pathetic

play as represented by Mr. Harvey. The person of &c., &c., calls his bit of tastefulness "The Other Way."

A promising young actor is Mr. Edward Morehen, who is playing the low-comedy part of Sergeant Dan Doxey (Metropolitan Police) in the suburban tour of "Sporting Life." It is always refreshing to find an artist who means to get on and has plenty of pluck and ability to help him in his work.

"Sweet are the Uses of Advertisement" is the reading that the author of "As You Like It" would doubtless have given to a certain famous aphorism of his, had he lived to see the publicity methods adopted in playing, play-writing, and play-producing circles nowadays. Sometimes it takes the form of a thrilling "rescue"; next it is a sensational loss of "jewels"; anon it is a quarrel (more or less to the death) between collaborators; later it is the discovery of a "clergyman" who generously gives quite "unsolicited" criticisms—never, of course, adverse—and so on. The latest form takes the shape of critic-baiting, only, of course, when the critic's criticisms are adverse. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mr. Israel Zangwill's drama, "The Children of the Ghetto," due at the Adelphi early next month, is being heralded in something of the last-named manner. It is, indeed, nothing less than a volcanic epistle written by Mr. Zangwill himself, and entitled "An Open Letter to Mr. Clement Scott." In this epistle, Mr. Zangwill denounces that recently exported but happily soon to be re-imported critic for divers remarks made by him in the *New York Herald* concerning the aforesaid play. Some of the Zangwillian sentences in this letter are very bitter—often so bitter, indeed, as to somewhat impair that author's usually keen sense of humour for the nonce. This "Open Letter" was published a few days ago in the *Jewish World*; but, by certain of those mysterious means which were wont to vex the soul of that unsuspecting theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent Crummies, the "Open Letter" has "got into the papers." In the meantime, the managers concerned with bringing "The Children of the Ghetto" (with its original American cast) to the Adelphi are doing their own little share in the Gentle Art of Preliminarily Puffing by imploring play-consumers (Hebrew and otherwise) *not* to confound the above-named play with "The Ghetto" which had so inglorious a career at the Comedy a few weeks ago. One can scarcely, however, blame the implorers for stating that their play has "no connection" with such a fiasco as "The Ghetto."

On Tuesday, at the Lyceum, Mr. Wilson Barrett gave a matinée in aid of the Transvaal Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund, when a very interesting programme was presented. It included a revised version of Mr. Barrett's clever adaptation of Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The Deemster" (hitherto called on the stage "The Ben-My-Chree," but now bearing the name of the novel). Next Monday Mr. Barrett will replace "The Sign of the Cross" in the evening bill with "The Silver King." He promises, however, three very interesting special Saturday matinées. These start on the 25th with "The Manxman," to be followed on Dec. 2 with "Othello," and on Dec. 9 with "Hamlet." Soon after that, Mr. Barrett must quit the Lyceum, to make room for the production of "The Snow-Man." He will, however, proceed at Christmas to the Métropole, Camberwell, where he has been chosen, by a sort of local plebiscite, to play a month, in place of the customary pantomime. The Métropole's manager, Mr. Mulholland, evidently "knows something," in these days of fierce competition among the suburban theatres.

Before the next number of *The Sketch* appears—next Tuesday, in point of fact—the Annual Benefit Matinée in aid of that excellent and most deserving fund, the Royal General Theatrical, will take place at Drury Lane Theatre. As usual, all the leading actors, actresses, singers, and "entertainers" in London will contribute to the huge programme. It is to be hoped that this fund will not suffer, as certain other affairs of the kind are doing just now, from the numerous Transvaal Soldiers' Funds around.

To-night (Wednesday), those enthusiastic histrionic partners, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, will make quite a new departure at the Prince of Wales's, namely, by the production of Miss Constance Fletcher's new play, "The Canary," which is, it seems, a very light comedy. As far as regards acting in this, however, Mr. Forbes-Robertson appears to have discovered at rehearsal that his part—that of a short-story writer—was far too light for him. He has, therefore, engaged Mr. Yorke Stephens for this character, and will content himself by playing only in that powerful little drama, "The Sacrament of Judas," so finely adapted by Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker.

To-morrow (Thursday), the World and his Wife—not to mention his sons and daughters, his brothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts—will assuredly be found assisting at the opening of Mr. Wyndham's new theatre, a full description of which and of himself (pictorial and otherwise) will be found on other pages of this issue. There has been a keen competition for the seats, which Mr. Wyndham put up to the highest bidder in aid of the Transvaal Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund.

In order, maybe, that the eighteenth century should have what is called "a good look in," on the above-mentioned auspicious occasion, Mr. Wyndham decided a few days ago to play Mr. Leo Trevor's cleverly written piece, "Dr. Johnson," with "David Garrick," with Mr. Arthur Bourchier as the Doctor, of which character he was the original representative when the little play was, a couple of years ago, brought from Richmond to the Strand Theatre.

Those who wish to compare another Garrick with Mr. Wyndham's will find Mr. Edward Compton playing the character in Mr. W. Musker's version, "Davy Garrick," at the Dalston Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon and on Saturday evening.

When Mr. Maurice Grau, who is at present running his Grand Opera Company through the United States, brings Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin again to London next year, it is more than likely that one of the new characters to be enacted by the last-named player will be that of Jean Valjean, in a new adaptation of Victor Hugo's story—or rather, stories—entitled "Les Misérables." Middle-aged playgoers will doubtless recollect that, some thirty years ago, three rather important dramas made out of these stories were current in London. These were "The Yellow Passport," "The Barricade," and "The Man of Two Lives." In these, Jean Valjean was played respectively by Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Clarence Holt, and the late Charles Dillon.

Inasmuch as a good many folk are writing and talking concerning forthcoming adaptations of General Lew Wallace's American "classic" story, "Ben Hur," it may be as well here to point out that, a good while ago, an apparently very strong drama was built around this theme by Mr. George Leitch, the well-known comedian and manager, who has had such vast and varied experiences in the Antipodes, where his biggest play-writing success was produced, the romantic and spectacular drama, "The Land of the Moa," to wit. When engaged in play-writing, Mr. Leitch has hitherto disguised himself under the pen-name of George Ralph Walker, and it was under this name that he produced at the Globe some years ago a clever domestic drama called "Sithors to Grind."

The 22nd inst. is the date chosen, at the time of going to press, for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's production of the new Oriental comic opera, written for the Savoy by Captain Basil Hood, and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The principal characters are thus allotted: Rose-in-Bloom, a Sultana, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw (from "the Glorious Climate of California"); Seent-in-Lilies, Heart's-Desire, and Honey-of-Life (her favourite slaves), Misses Ruth Vincent, Louie Pounds, and Emmie Owen; Dancing Sunbeam (first wife of Hassan, a philanthropist), Miss Rosina Brandram; and Blush-of-Morning (Hassan's twenty-fifth wife), Miss Isabel Jay. The male characters are thus distributed: Hassan (the aforesaid much-married philanthropist), Mr. Walter Passmore; the Royal Executioner, Mr. Reginald Crompton; Abdallah (a priest), Mr. George Ridgeway; the Physician-in-Chief, Mr. C. Childerstone; the Grand Vizier, Mr. W. H. Leon; Yussuf (a professional storyteller), Mr. Robert Erett; and the Sultan Mahmoud, Mr. Henry A. Lytton. The dresses and scenery will, I can assure you, excel anything yet seen at this theatre—and the Savoy is a house where niggardliness has never been known in such matters.

When Messrs. Moss, Thornton, and Stoll, the many-theatred managers, open their new and splendidly fitted Hippodrome in Leicester Square, on or about Dec. 18, the principal dramatic and terpsichorean item in the programme will be a maritime mixture in which all the characters—English, French, American, and so on—will, owing to the Long Arm of Coincidence, arrive at one time at Belgium's most popular seaside resort. The music of this play is by the experienced M. Georges Jacobi; the "producer" is Mr. Frank Parker, and the author is Mr. H. Chance Newton, who, for a title to the piece, has ventured to borrow that given to a recent interesting article in *The Sketch*, namely, "Giddy Ostend."

#### MAYORAL INSIGNIA FOR THE NEW BOROUGH OF HOVE.

The chain and badge are of solid eighteen-carat gold. The links of the chain are composed of an anchor with cordage in which the letter "H" in enamel is superimposed. The intervening links are shields of two kinds, on which the names of succeeding Mayors can be engraved.



THE CHAIN AND BADGE OF THE FIRST MAYOR OF HOVE.

One has an oval centre surmounted by a Civic Crown, and the other is an escutcheon of fanciful shape formed of rich scrolls ornamented by Neptune's Trident. The centre link, from which the badge depends, bears the monogram of the first Mayor, and is surmounted by the Tower Crown, the Greek emblem of a city. The pendent badge is of elaborate scrollwork, enriched with turquoise and pink coral, with the Arms of the Borough in the centre and Civic Maces behind. On one side of the armorial bearings is a shield of William I., and on the other side the Arms of the present reign. Above the Mantle and Helmet are shown

the crest and motto of the Borough, surmounted by Neptune's Trident. The Tudor Rose is given on the lower part of the pendant, and at sides are ribbons with the dates 1066 and 1898. The whole of this massive and artistic insignia has been specially designed and manufactured by the celebrated Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, W. The following inscription is engraved upon the badge—

Charter of Incorporation granted 8th August, 1898. Alderman George Baldwin Woodruff, J.P., elected first Mayor, 9th November, 1898, Borough of Hove. This Mayoral Chain was presented to the Borough by Members of the Town Council and Inhabitants.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 15, 5.10; Thursday, 5.9; Friday, 5.7; Saturday, 5.6; Sunday, 5.5; Monday, 5.4; Tuesday, 5.3.

It is interesting to note that the youngest bicycle-rider of the day is undoubtedly Master Clarence House, a Bradford child, who demonstrated his ability to pedal a bicycle when only seventeen months old. The



YOUNGEST CYCLIST IN THE WORLD.

Photo by Fox, Bradford.

machine was made specially for him, and is probably the smallest rideable safety-bicycle in the world. The wheels boast of a diameter of ten inches, while the total length of the cycle is twenty-six inches. It is so small that the wheels can easily go under an ordinary chair, while it is possible for our baby cyclist to take excursions under a medium-size table.

There is a good deal of talk in this country in regard to the possible amalgamation of several big bicycle-companies. Competition is so keen nowadays, especially from the smaller makers, who put cheap and nasty machines on the market, and thus affect the sales of really good wheels. But some big manufacturers are beginning to feel that the only way to kill cut-throat competition is by a big combination. I can quite

appreciate this desire, though I am as strong an opponent as anybody against "corners" and "trusts." The power of a big combination to kill all smaller makers means, of course, that when the little men are killed, then the "corner" will take advantage of its monopoly by giving the public inferior machines, but at an enhanced price. Yet I don't think we shall see in this country anything like the great bicycle trust that has just been formed in America. When originally started it was intended that the capital should be £8,000,000. That sum was, however, cut down to half. The assets of the American Bicycle Company are put down at £4,836,748. Against this there are liabilities amounting to £378,719, so that there is a balance of £4,458,029. Of course, all the bicycle manufacturers in the United States have not joined the "combination," but sixty per cent. have. On its present basis, the company will employ 25,000 people, and it expects that its annual sales will equal £5,000,000.

Quite a number of officers engaged in the South African War have taken their bicycles with them. Indeed, the War Office has facilitated the taking of machines. I think the Soudan campaign last year was the first occasion on which bicycles were seen at the front. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the War Artist, found a bicycle admirable in skipping from place to place to watch the conflicts. When hostilities broke out with the Transvaal, Mr. Villiers was in Australia lecturing, but a telegram soon caught him, and he is now in South Africa describing the hostilities.

One doesn't hear very much just now about the much-talked-of bicycle-ride from Cape Town to Cairo. No doubt, however, when the war is over several ardent spirits will be starting on that journey. I would like to do it myself. I have studied the route through the agency of map and books, and, as far as I can see, there is only some four hundred miles of bad ground to get over. As a man who has had some small experience cycling over little-known country, I would advise any adventurer who undertakes the journey to go practically unarmed. A revolver hidden beneath one's jacket is, of course, useful to have in case of emergencies. But, owning a revolver, one might be inclined to use it under provocation, and so bring about a personal disaster. My own experience among strange tribes is that, if they see you are unarmed, they have no suspicion, but are immensely interested and amused in regard to the bicycle. Courage and rubbish of that kind are not necessary for such a ride. What is necessary is tact and a long patience.

A month or two ago I made some reference in this page as to how the word "coasting" came into existence. And now I see somebody has been cleverly tracing the derivation of the words "tyre," "cycle," and "pneumatic." According to this authority, "tyre" originates with the Hebrew word *tur*, to go about, and graduates to "tour," to journey about; "turban," a head-dress, with a sash going about the cap; "attire," dress to go about the person; and "tire," a band that goes about a wheel. "Cycle" comes from the Hebrew *chug*, to compass, *via* the Greek adaptation, *kuklos*, a circle. From the Greek verb *pneo*=I breathe, comes the noun *pneuma*, breath or air, the adjective *pneumatikos* consisting of "air" and "pneumatic." All this is very interesting. The only complaint I have is that some credit is not given to Sanskrit. Whenever anybody wants to be particularly abstruse and clever, Sanskrit is usually dragged in to do service by the hair of the head. When you can't trace the derivation of a word, you are fairly safe in ascribing its origin to Sanskrit. There is nobody on the earth capable of contradicting you.

You know how carefully I keep my eyes and ears open to find something out about those marvellous diseases and complaints and physical deformities that are all put down to the humble bicycle. Now, just when winter is here, and we begin to discuss the dances we shall be attending between now and Christmas, comes the information from a lady doctor that cycling is bad for dancing. It is asserted that wheeling destroys a dancer's grace and ease of motion. I will therefore keep my eyes open wider this winter than ever to see if those ladies of my acquaintance who I know used to dance divinely, and who, this past summer, have cycled exceedingly well, are really as clumsy and awkward as they ought to be if this doctor's theory is correct. Alas, it may be so! There is no doubt that people who do very much cycling become very unseemly walkers. Therefore, while I delight to sing the praises of our pastime, cyclists should remember that other exercise is good for them. Cycling develops certain muscles which are admirable for propelling a wheel, but are not entirely applicable to walking. That is the reason why people who constantly cycle slouch when walking.

Cyclists have their weaknesses, like other folks. The latest craze is to gather cycling relics—machines that have broken records, lamps that have done service in a Land's End to John-o'-Groats ride, medals won when cycling was in its infancy, a bit of the mud-cake of a wheel ridden by Royalty, and so on. Frequently I have applications for relics of my own wanderings far afield. I usually send my visiting-card in Chinese.

If people must store their bicycles, why don't they follow the plan popular amongst Parisians? In London it costs one shilling a week to store a bicycle, but by the Parisian method you can have it stored and well looked after for twopence-halfpenny a week. The pawnbroker must see that it is well taken care of, so that it will fetch a good price if you don't reclaim it. But, of course, next spring you will reclaim it, and the percentage on your pawn-ticket will be very small. In Paris thousands of bicycles are being pawned for no other purpose than that they should be better looked after than in the ordinary storage house.

On Friday the two big Cycle Shows open at the Crystal Palace and the Agricultural Hall. What with free-wheels, two-speed gears, rim-brakes, auxiliary hand-gears, back-peddalling, and other striking innovations, both exhibitions promise to be more interesting than they have been for some years past. Yet, as an ordinary chap who likes to know what is going on in the wheeling world, why should I be obliged to oscillate between Islington and Sydenham? Why shouldn't one big Show suffice?

The distinction of being the champion child cyclist in the world is carried off by an American boy, in the person of Master Harvey Elmer Thompson, son of Mr. J. H. Thompson, of Conneaut, Ohio, who is seen in this photograph, together with his unique pacing team. Little Harvey, the one to the left in the photograph, is a fine, healthy, athletic youngster of seven. He is depicted in the photograph wearing three medals, but as recently as Aug. 17 he added another beautiful gold medal to his collection, making four in all. At present, Harvey holds the world's record for five-, six-, and seven-year-old riders, and is open to ride any boy in the world of his age any distance. Some of his performances are very creditable, and speak well for his cycling abilities, his record being a quarter of a mile in forty-four seconds. He is 46 inches in height, and weighs 49 lb. His little bicycle was built specially for him, and has 20-in. wheels, 15-in. frame, and turns the scale at 12 lb. It should be added, perhaps, that this cycling prodigy has been a bicycle-rider ever since he was two and a-half years old. The



A JUVENILE CYCLIST AND HIS PACERS.

Photo by Nael and Josling, Conneaut, Ohio.

tandem team are Masters Earle and Louis Calkins, of Conneaut, aged respectively five and six years. These youngsters are willing to meet any other tandem team of their age, and during the coming season are expected to establish records for a tandem with 20-in. wheels ridden by boys of their age.

J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The Derby meeting always attracts a big crowd, but the betting at this fixture is never good, which is passing strange, seeing that bookmakers hold so many shares in the company. The chief fixture of the meeting this week will be the Derby Cup. The acceptance is not such a big one as many expected; still, the field should be quite up to average. I think Ereildoune or Dinna Forget will win. It is difficult to know what will run for the Markheaton Plate; I think Gollanfield and Lackford have chances. The Chesterfield Nursery will, as usual, bring out a large field; Galtee Queen is not overburdened with weight, and I shall take her against the field. Some good old-stagers are left in the Chatsworth Plate, and the soft going will suit their understandings. Bridge and London are the best to stand by the book. The Osmaston Nursery Handicap has not yielded so well as usual, probably because our two-year-olds have been overworked of late. Sam Darling, in my opinion, holds the key, unless the better of his pair, St. Jacques and Summer Gale, is beaten by La Carolina filly, who, on her Kempton running, must be very smart when she is properly fit.

The flat-race season, now fast drawing to a close, has been a busy one, and sport of the top-class has been seen throughout the piece. The Duke of Westminster and Lord William Beresford have done well of the owners, but I regret to find that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has had a bad year, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been most unfortunate. Sir Blundell Maple began the season very badly, but has pulled up lately, though he must be a lot out of pocket on the season's transactions. The aristocratic patrons of the Hon. George Lambton's stable have had a wretched season. The Duke of Devonshire can hardly have paid expenses, and it is very certain Mr. H. McCalmont has experienced his worst season up to now. Of the smaller owners, Mr. Musker has done well, and the patrons of Elsey's stable have maintained their good average. Mr. J. A. Miller has landed a few coups, but Sir James Miller has had but few successes this year. William Stevens, with a large stable of horses, has had many more seconds than he has firsts. Darling's only plum was the Duke of York Stakes, and the Lambourne stables have a very moderate show of prizes for the year's racing.

It is really amusing to find a little boy like Johnny Reiff, who, by-the-bye, when in undress uniform, wears knickerbockers, riding winner after winner, while our own pigmies run up a monotonous list of losers. Reiff has an old head on young shoulders, and he is not likely to be spoiled. He has been well educated, which is more than can be said of some of our light-weight jockeys. The brothers Reiff get up betimes when at Newmarket, and generally ride in gallops before breakfast just for the sake of the exercise. They do not sit up at night playing cards and billiards, neither do they patronise our theatres much when in Town. They prefer rather to lead natural lives, and, so long as they continue on these lines, so long will they shine in the saddle. It is impossible for a successful jockey to thrive on four hours' sleep per night, as some of the knights of the pigskin try to do, and it has been proved over and over again that those jockeys who waste their nights round the card-tables come to grief sooner or later.

The foreign methods of training horses are still freely discussed in racing circles—that is, so far as the secrets of the trade are known. Many sceptics hint that the foreigners must dose their horses with some secret potion, which acts as a charm on their form. Take the case of Germanicus. This horse was tried over and over again to be a bad one, but when he went into J. Day's stable, and was ridden by an American jockey, he showed a transformation in his form, and, what is more, he continued to maintain this improvement. The foreign trainers, for one thing, believe in hardihood. If you go into the stables of an English trainer, you find the atmosphere like that of a hothouse, while the foreign trainers believe in plenty of ventilation, and nothing in the shape of artificial heat. Again, the foreign horses run fat and big in appearance, and contrast favourably with many of our talked-up animals.

As Christmas Day will fall on a Monday this year, no racing takes place on Saturday, Dec. 23—a very good arrangement, by-the-bye,

and, seeing the Railway Companies want all their rolling stock for excursionists on the eve of big holidays, I think it would be a capital arrangement to keep the Saturdays before Bank Holidays clear the year round. On Boxing Day and Wednesday steeplechase meetings will take place at Kempton Park and Dunstall Park. Then Keele Park will occupy the Thursday, and Hurst Park is given the Friday and Saturday. I am glad to notice that very little clashing is allowed this year under National Hunt Rules; at the same time, there are few vacant dates, so that, should King Frost come to postpone some of the scheduled meetings, some of these would, in all probability, have to face abandonment. I hope, however, the powers that be will give the Clerks of the Courses every chance of running their meetings at a profit, or we may hear of old-established meetings going out of the list.

The gentlemen entrusted with the work of reporting races do their duty nobly, as a rule, and yet I sometimes think they pay too much heed to what is told them by the jockeys. Thus we find that five out of the six horses that are perhaps unluckily beaten in their races are branded as rogues, whereas they are not rogues at all, and, if they had been ridden properly, they would have won. The horses, in my opinion, are too often blamed for the failings of the jockeys, and, if some of the poor, persecuted creatures could only speak, we should be enabled to publish a few startling revelations at times. Some jockeys get into a habit of excusing themselves by saying, "He wouldn't take hold of his bit," or "I could not get him to put any heart into his work." If I were the owner, I should immediately change the rider.

When will the National Hunt Committee take up my scheme for the insurance of cross-country jockeys against accidents? As I have many times before stated, the scheme could be easily worked on the principle adopted by many of the weekly newspapers, and I am sure the jockeys themselves would not object to pay the small premium required to cover the risk, although I think, myself, the Committee might easily commute the lot for a lump sum to be paid out of the funds at their command. It is not a good thing for the sport to see the necessity arising every now and again for the passing round of the hat for the benefit of some poor hard-up jockey who has broken a limb in the execution of his duty. This could be avoided at a small cost, and I claim that it should be done.

CAPTAIN COE.



MESSRS. ARTHUR SMITH AND F. HUSSEY-FREKE, WITH A BAG OF 52 BRACE OF SNIPE AT KIUKIANG, 480 MILES FROM SHANGHAI.

## SNIPE-SHOOTING IN CHINA.

Kiukiang, situated four hundred and eighty miles from Shanghai, on the south bank of the Yangtze, has long been celebrated for tea and snipe.

The former commodity has declined, but not even the slothful ways of the heathen Chinese can reduce the supply of the latter, as testified by the accompanying photo of two local sports, Messrs. Arthur Smith and F. Hussey-Freke, with a bag of fifty-two couple shot on Sunday, April 30. Englishmen awake! Let not the unsportsmanlike Russian seize your marshy "Sphere of Influence."

## A CARNOT ANECDOTE.

A curious anecdote concerning the Carnots has just been made public and will interest the superstitious. It appears that while M. Carnot was still Minister of Finance, and without any expectation of rising higher in the political scale, a learned friend returning from India presented to Madame Carnot a little stone idol, curiously carved, which passed for being a talisman. It assured supreme power to whoever possessed it, but also drew upon the possessor a violent death. It had belonged to the dynasty of the Kings of Khadjurao, and the last Rajah, having arrived at the power by its means, and fearing the poignard, sought to conjure death by giving it away. Interested by this story, Madame Carnot accepted the little fetish with pleasure. M. Carnot obtained the Presidency, and Madame Carnot, after writing to their friend in India that it was "all due to the fetish," seemed to have forgotten all about the suite. M. Carnot died by the poignard. Was it the work of the evil ikon? Madame Carnot, who was a woman of strong character, was no more likely to ask the question than anybody else, but, nevertheless, the coincidence must have haunted her brain, for it is known to-day that she left in her will a request to her children to rid themselves of the Hindoo idol. We are all babes before the unexplainable.

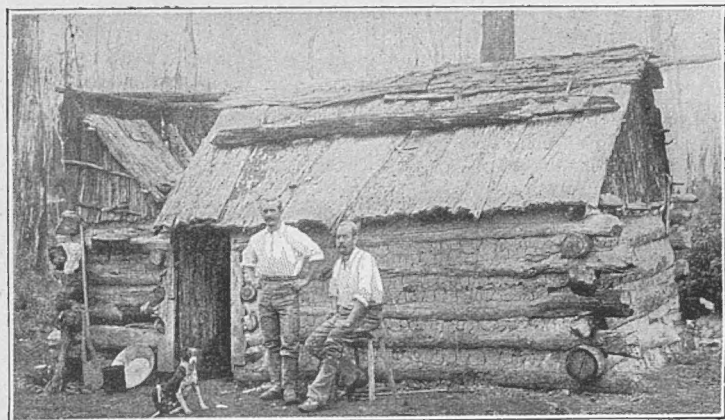
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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.*

Rates are, as we expected, getting harder, and it is highly probable that at the Settlement the banks will exact their own terms, but Capel Court, no less than the public at the moment, takes no notice of dear money, or, in fact, of anything except war news. A British success means that everybody is a "bull," while even vague talk of Sir George White being



GOLD-MINERS' HUT IN VICTORIA.

in a tight place turns the house butterflies into sellers. The mood is unreasonable, we might almost say idiotic, but there is no denying the fact, and we are mere humble chroniclers of what is, not what ought to be.

The Treasury Bills went off at a better price than had generally been expected; but as nearly all the issue was taken by the market, when it comes to be paid for, there is likely to be a pretty scramble for money. The general public does not understand Treasury Bills, or, instead of buying Consols, to pay about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., they would have got the same security by tendering for six months' bills, and have netted £3. 18s. per cent. for their money. Charm the other markets ever so wisely, the little speculator refuses to have any hand in Stock Exchange matters outside Kaffirs; and not only the small speculator, but also the general body of investors are pretty much in the same mood, with the result that all the real interest of Capel Court centres in the African Market. To what giddy height people imagine Rand shares are going when the war is over and Mr. Kruger has ceased from troubling, we do not know, but if Goldfields are worth over £8 now, they certainly ought to be at £12 when the fighting is done and Great Britain is in possession, to compensate for the risk of the unforeseen happening in the meanwhile. Our own view is that, intrinsically, the present price represents the value after normal conditions have been restored, but, in the present mood of the public, it is clear that, if speedy victory attends our arms, prices will be pushed up to outrageous heights.

## THE FOREIGN MARKET.

Partly owing to the fact that there is so little to interest people in the market, and partly owing to the inaction of Paris, the Foreign Department is almost neglected nowadays, and even the gold premium is passed with scant notice by those who not long ago were taking the liveliest interest in its daily movements. Argentine stocks are out of fashion, so far as speculators are concerned, and the country is not progressing at the rate which some of the enthusiasts declared that it would do when its border question was settled and its relations with Chili were quiet. The currency question acts as a continual thorn in the flesh, and is likely to do until some strong Government can take the matter properly in hand, nor is the constant talk of new loans relished by the Stock Exchange.

Brazilian securities have not got over the unpleasant effect produced by the publication of the country's Budget, and Paris declines to come to the support of the Bonds. The French capital prefers to buy Spanish Fours, which are now within two points of the highest they have touched this year, and, from the appearance of the market, look like going to 70. Lively little "Ports" get constant galvanic shocks over the Delagoa Bay purchase, which, after all, will not benefit the bondholders to any great extent, we are afraid. Greek Bonds are strangely flat, and Turks droop upon fears of further treachery towards foreign creditors of the country. Japanese securities are pressing their way to a front place among Foreign stocks, and the 5 per cent. loan at the present price pays about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to an investor. China Sixes pay quite a half per cent. more. Uruguay Three and a Half keep steady. The price is 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and many thousand pounds' worth of Bonds have lately been bought for the Continent.

## YANKEE RAILS.

The Congressional Elections in the United States went well in favour of the bull party, but prices of American Rails were very slightly affected by the results. Parenthetically, it seems a little amusing that such an entirely foreign subject to the market should have influenced it at all; but the fact remains that bulls and bears took sides over it as much as though it had been the election of a Railway "boss." The market, however, argued that if McKinley's party had been defeated, it would have upset the whole country and cast a deep shadow over the

next Presidential election. That it should have gone the way it has done is eminently satisfactory to the dealers on this side, who are nearly all bulls, as usual, and who talk with cheerful optimism of what prices will go to before Christmas. Business, however, is sadly lacking in Shorter's Court, the speculating public being more interested in Kaffirs than in Yankees.

Readers of *The Sketch* who have availed themselves of our hints and laid in American Rails during the last few weeks, are doubtless wondering what they ought to do at the present time, their gains having become tempting to secure, although theoretically, as the famous Ricardo used to say half-a-century ago, profits should be run. The point to be chiefly considered is the course of the Money Market. Although Yankees have become more or less accustomed to the weekly bad statements of the Associated Banks in New York, the London factor of dear money cannot be so easily ignored. And that there is every prospect of a slight squeeze as the penultimate year of the century hastens to its end is an incontrovertible fact. New York's flutters at the idea of a high Bank of England rate are well known, and we should not be surprised to see a general fall in Yankees between this and New Year's Eve. The market is sound enough, but it needs careful watching, and the more speculative varieties look, for the present, quite sufficiently high.

## THE GOLDFIELDS' REPORT.

Although disappointment may be felt by many shareholders at the absence of any dividend after such a satisfactory year's work, those who reflect can hardly fail to agree with the prudence of the course taken by the directors under the abnormal circumstances of the present moment. To have earned £1,006,000 for the year ending June 30 last is no mean achievement, but, in view of the uncertainty as to how long it may be before mining operations can be resumed, the Board consider it would be unwise to make a distribution at this moment. The following table shows the profit earned in each of the last five years—

1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.
£2,605,622	£1,209,400	£383,574	£543,389	£1,006,312

The Ordinary capital is now £2,000,000, upon which the earnings of last year would have been sufficient to pay 50 per cent. The report contains a very interesting list of shares held, showing that the company has something like a controlling influence in Simmer and Jack Proprietary, Simmer East, Robinson Deep, South Nourse, Jupiter, Glen Deep, the Consolidated Exploration (Rhodesia), the Trust Français, and Knight's Deep, besides very large stakes in Rand Victoria and many other of the best and most promising concerns in the Transvaal. Probably the most interesting of the documents published by the Consolidated Goldfields' directors is the report of Mr. Hays Hammond on the Witwatersrand. He states that the total dividends paid from 1892 to 1898 amount to £14,470,000, of which £4,847,505 is attributable to the latter year alone, and that the proportion of dividends to gold won has increased from 19 to 32 per cent. Mr. Hammond's estimate of the probable effect of good government upon the mining industry—the sort of good government which we expect will be one of the ultimate effects of the present war—is that a reduction in working expenses of 6s. a ton can be looked for, which, on last year's tonnage, would be equivalent to £4,826,536 a-year; but, no doubt, this estimate will take some years to realise.

## THE SALT COMBINATION.

There has been a great deal of talk lately as to the Salt combination, which is to put the poor old Union upon its legs again. There is some truth in the story, and we will explain the position as far as we know it. The old Board never had the pluck or the brains to carry out a policy of effectually crushing opposition at the time when they had the money to do it, but, in a desultory and spasmodic manner, they paid some people annuities to shut up their works, and bought up others at exorbitant



ALLUVIAL GOLD-MINING IN VICTORIA: SINKING A SHAFT.

prices, and then, having paid a great deal more than they were worth, generally shut them up. Nothing could have been more ruinous or more extravagant; indeed, no system was more calculated to encourage competition. Of course, even the resources of the Salt Union, large as they were at the outset, could not stand the strain for ever; and when the shareholders took matters into their own hands and made a clean

sweep of the "old guard," matters were rapidly approaching a crisis which looked very like liquidation. The new Board was installed, and, after considerable trouble, managed to arrange for a combination in the Durham district; but every effort to bring the Cheshire makers into line unfortunately proved abortive so long as Mr. Fells, the late General Manager, remained in office. Upon this gentleman's resignation, fresh negotiations were entered upon, and there is every reason to believe that these have been or will be crowned with success.

The really important question is, What does it all mean for the Salt Union shareholders?—and we think we can say with some confidence that, if the complete combination is successfully arranged and maintained for a reasonable time, it will not enable the directors to distribute any dividend on either the Preference or Ordinary shares during the current year, but that, at the end of next year, there would be a reasonable prospect of the Preference shareholders getting their dividend, with perhaps a trifle over for the holders of Ordinary shares.

#### MISCELLANEOUS MINES.

Copper shares have been dull, the action of the Yankee "bosses" in stopping the issue of any Anaconda accounts not being liked. If everything is going smoothly with the Copper combination, where is the necessity for this increased secrecy? At least, this is the sort of reasoning which one hears from "the man in the street." The shares have been very weak, while even Tintos and other prime favourites have not attracted buyers. The October output of the Indian mines is more than satisfactory, headed, as it is, by the old Mysore Mine with 14,546 oz., or an improvement of 1535 oz. over the September return. The Champion Reef yield keeps wonderfully steady, again exceeding 13,000 oz. as the result of the month's work, an output which it has successfully succeeded in maintaining for the last six months. Of the other large producers, Ooregum with 5613 oz., and Nundydroog with 3761 oz., maintain the progressive nature of their returns, and the yield of 39,795 oz. is a record for the field.

#### KRUGER SOLILOQUISES.

"Mrs. K! Mrs. K! where are you?" shouted the President, his very beard bristling with red rage. "Good heavens, where is the woman?" he exclaimed, toddling out of the sitting-room into the kitchen, where the one he sought was engaged in a culinary discussion with the under-cook. "Come here, come here!" said the old gentleman, dragging his unwilling spouse away from the grate. "Look at this telegram, and leave the haddock alone for a minute. It has just come from Leyds, and he says he cannot take in Rand mines at any price. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? He knows quite well I can't deliver them, and Beit won't lend me any, that is a moral and intellectual certainty, even if I pay him stamps and fees for putting them back into his own name. Was ever an all but Crowned Head in such a fearful fix?" The unhappy man groaned aloud, while Mrs. Kruger flew to the drawer where she kept the front-door latch-key, and promptly dropped the foot of cold steel down her husband's back. It had the effect of removing his agitation to another subject, at all events, but his mind was concentrated on his speculations. "I shall cable to that fool to buy them back for money," he groaned. "Of course, things must go better in the Kaffir Market. Think of that mule running Rand Mines as a bear for so long! He ought to have bought Consols as a hedge, and, instead of that, he went and bought Chartered—Ugh! the very name puts my mouth out of flavour—and think what it would mean to me if the world knew that I, 'Oom Paul,' were a bull of Rhodesians! Ah, yes!"—he waved his hand to stop a sympathising sentence—"I know all about the New Prims and Randfontein and Goldfields that I bought the other day. They are right enough; you have only got to wait for six months, and anything you like to buy in the Kaffir Market (my beloved Fatherland!) will go up like balloons when I cave in. That is one consolation, certainly; but those Rand Mines!—Oh dear! Oh dear! Why wasn't I born a bull instead of only a Boer!"

#### FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Oh, do let us talk about something fresh!" exclaimed The Jobber, as the conversation drifted into the regular ruck of the war, and how it was affecting the Kaffir Market.

"Good idea!" quoth The Broker; "and I tell you what we will do. Suppose we have a half-crown fine for anyone who mentions the subject, and send it to old Hichens for his War Fund in the House, eh?"

There was a chorus of assent, but the proposal completely silenced the party for a station and a-half. Then The Merchant addressed The Banker—

"Sir," he inquired, "I have gone a bull of Dover 'A,' and here's a dear-money scare knocking the price down like General White does the Boers. Is there anything in the alarm, do you think?"

The Banker smiled benignantly. "I fear our treasurer will have to collect from you two-and-sixpence for his forfeit-fund," he blandly said. "You mentioned General White's name, I think? But, seriously, I should not be astonished if my friends in the Bank of England parlour"—he looked round to note the effect of his words, and repeated them—"if my friends in that parlour were to raise the minimum to 6 per cent. before the year closes, and we unfortunates in Lombard Street may be compelled to charge the Stock Exchange a trifle more for carrying-over accommodation, you know."

("Wish his friends, the parlour-maids, would choke him with their dust!" ferociously whispered The Jobber to his neighbour.)

"Then you think there will be a squeeze coming on soon?" returned The Merchant.

"Well, well, I do not go so far as to say a squeeze," said The Banker; "but I am certainly of opinion that investment stocks for the next month or two are likely to suffer somewhat severely owing to the exigencies of the Money Market. Of course, we are sending a lot of gold to the Cape—"

"Two-and-six, please," interrupted The Broker. "Pay up and look pleasant, sir. Thank you."

The Engineer laughed. "Seems to me the Fund is going to benefit pretty well from this matinée," he observed. "I am going to keep to safe ground, and ask my worthy friend what he thinks about Lake Views."

"Best buy in the market," confidently affirmed The Jobber. "Think the shares would ever have gone down so if it hadn't been for the beastly lies that the bears have been spreading? 'Pon my word, it makes me wild to think that anything in the House that interests people so much as Lake Views should be made the football of any unscrupulous gang of thieves that likes to bang them."

"Yes, it is a bit too bad." The Broker thoughtfully knocked the ash off his cigarette. "I don't know anything about the company myself, but they don't quite seem to have been playing the game—those bears."

"My brother at Kalgoorlie wrote to me the other day and told me to buy Norths." The Quiet Man made his first remark since entering the compartment.

"North what?" asked The Jobber. "North Lyells, North Kalgurli, North Poles, or what?"

"Your facetiousness is equalled only by your tips," bowed The Quiet Man.

The others chuckled at the funny man's evident discomfiture, and the victor continued—

"North Kalgurli, I should have said. My brother writes that, although the mine had anything but a good name at the start, it is gaining favour on the other side, and is pretty safe to buy for a speculation. But I shouldn't go into it very deeply myself. What I rather fancy are Consolidated Goldfields—"

"Half-a-crown!" shouted the delighted Jobber, slapping The Broker's knee so violently that it startled his leg into kicking The Banker's shins just opposite.

"Of New Zealand." The quiet man had again scored, and another ripple of mirth danced round the carriage. "The concern is a very dark horse, I know, and may be no good at all. But I fancy the time is coming for a move, all the same."

"Not a chance!" ejaculated The Broker with some slight scorn in his voice. "You might just as well buy yourself Cycle shares."

"Perhaps he wouldn't go very far wrong there," The Engineer broke in. "Some of the companies are doing quite well, and the market is still as dead as door-nails. I should not at all mind picking up some of the better kind, I can tell you."

"I sold my Vickers the other day," said The Merchant, "but am afraid it was wrong. It was a *Sketch* tip, you remember. How much did I make? Oh, seven-and-six a share, I think it came to. I am thinking of putting the money into the other thing they're sweet on—Armstrongs, you know. There seems to be more chance of a rise in them, and they are pretty cheap. But in times like these" (The Broker began to watch his words like a cat), "the number of cheap investments that stare one in the face is bewildering enough to give anyone war—"

"Ha, ha! Pay up. I've been on the look-out for that," said The Broker, holding out his hand.

"Water on the brain," concluded The Merchant, standing up and shaking himself as the train rolled into the terminus.

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FULCRUM.—(1) To hold, we should prefer Chadburn's shares, but the market for the others is much better, and there is more likely to be fluctuation in price. (2) Write to the London office and ask when the dividend will be paid.

P. C. E.—We wrote to you fully on the 10th inst.

C. J. P.—We never give the names of brokers in this column, but, to save you time, we have sent you the name and address of a firm on whom you can rely by private letter, for which please comply with Rule 5.

ALAN.—Inter-Oceanic of Mexico 7 per cent. "A" Debentures should exactly fit what you appear to want. See our Notes in last week's issue.

SKETCHITE.—We do not consider Kaffir Consols desirable, or the other company mentioned by you.

J. A. G.—Both shares are very good, and we see no reason for you to make a change.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.—(1) A second-rate Brewery. (2) We don't care for this trust. (3) Very good, but high enough. (4, 5, and 6) Fair Industrials; we like the Ordinary shares of 4 the least.

We are asked to give publicity to the following—

The Ymir Gold-Mine (British Columbia).—A first interim dividend of 5 per cent. was paid on Nov. 1; that is, within six months of the erection of the mill. Consequent upon alterations, the mill was shut down during the first half of September, but during the last fourteen days made £3,500 profit, and, now that it is running regularly, at least £6000 per month profit can, it is said, be confidently looked for. The present mill consists of 40 stamps, and an order has been given to erect an additional 40 head. There seems to be no doubt that, with 80 head of stamps, a profit of £13,000 per month can be made, which would be nearly 100 per cent. upon the capital of the company.